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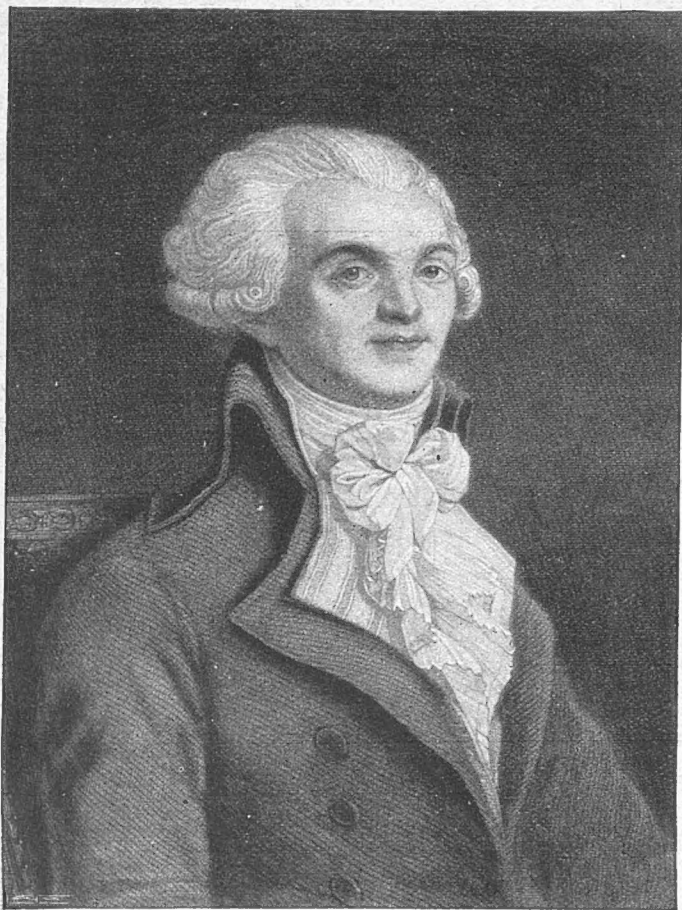


[Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.]

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO HAS MADE HER TRIUMPH AS THE MAGIC MANICURIST
IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

SARDOU'S GREAT SPECTACLE, "ROBESPIERRE," AT THE LYCEUM.

"Hypocrite, cut-throat!" shrieked the young man Olivier in the face of Robespierre at the most splendid moment in the triumphant career of the "sea-green Incorruptible." And the guards hurried away the young man who interrupted the magnificent ceremony in which Republican France set up to a lawyer's concept of God an altar on a



ROBESPIERRE.

From the Engraving by W. H. Mole.

spot soaked with the blood of victims of the Revolution and of the past tyranny of the aristocrats. Now the young man happened to be the son of Robespierre, and neither of them knew this, for Olivier deemed himself legitimate child of Clarisse de Malugon, and Robespierre did not know that his relations to Clarisse had resulted in the birth of a son. However, the day after the Fête of the Supreme Being, the father discovered the secret when the young man was brought before him to be examined, and his conscience smote him heavily. So clearly was shown the intense hatred of the youth for the tyrant that the father durst not disclose his identity, but he was thrilling to know whether Clarisse was in the clutches of the Committee of Public Safety and general massacre. Olivier, thinking that the tyrant only wished for further victims, would disclose nothing about his mother, but, even when he admitted accidentally that she was in prison awaiting trial, declined to disclose the name she had adopted. What a fantastic combat! Each of the combatants seeking to protect a woman, and one, through misunderstanding, nullifying the effects of the other. Even such a tyrant as Robespierre had those whom he feared, and could not avowedly save the young man who had disturbed the famous Fête, so he cast him into prison, and then searched successfully for the mother, and liberated her. The enemies of "the atrabilious formula of a man," pilloried for ever by Carlyle, removed Olivier from prison in the hopes of finding out something against Robespierre, and of all the moments in the thirty-five or thirty-six years of the man's strange life, none, not even in his seventeen hours' agony, was more terrible than the time when he was peeping side by side with Olivier's mother through a window to see whether the youth was with the condemned in the tumbrels on the way to death. He was not there, and, indeed, freed by the foes of the once advocate of Arras, he watched the prodigious strife in the Convention in which Robespierre was overthrown and arrested, waiting, pistol in hand, to shoot the tyrant if he triumphed. There was no need for the son to be unwitting parricide, since "the Incorruptible" ended his own fantastic life with a pistol-shot that sounded a signal of life for the thousands that overthronged the prisons of Paris.

At least, M. Sardou pretends that Robespierre shot himself, whilst Méda alleged that he shot him, and it is certain that he was alive and shrieked when Samson wrenched the bandage from his face ere cutting off his very ugly head. However, we are concerned with history, not drama; they are not very good friends, for, though history is often dramatic, drama is never truly historical

even when quotations from historians are in the mouth of characters, and their coats are correctly cut according to the fashion of the times. Nevertheless, historical or no, the new play at the Lyceum, in which Sir Henry Irving made his welcome reappearance after his long and tedious illness, had a splendid reception, and promises to enjoy prodigious success. Critics may pretend that the piece is of humble value as drama; the public will say that it has thrilling scenes, brilliant acting, and gorgeous spectacular effects which outweigh all that we may urge reluctantly. Certainly the stage has never seen anything more remarkable than the Fête of the Supreme Being on the Place de la Révolution, nor even from the Saxe-Meiningen Company the crowd so intensely individualised as in this or the scene in the Convention. Sir Henry has come back to us seeming younger and more alert than before his illness. Perhaps the diminution of responsibility has assisted to rejuvenate him. Certainly he is at his best, and whether it be as Robespierre urging his son to say where his mother is, or Robespierre watching beside the mother to see whether Olivier is inside the tumbrels, or Robespierre half mad with terror and remorse at midnight in the Conciergerie, surrounded by the ghosts of his victims, Sir Henry is acting as only he can act. Miss Ellen Terry, who had a greeting almost equal to that of her old comrade, must not be judged on the first-night performance, when emotion and nervousness overcame her. Of the others in the immense cast, one must mention Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the Olivier, Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Fuller Melliish, Mr. Charles Dodsworth, as well as Miss Winifred Fraser and Miss Maud Milton.

I may note in conclusion that a handy account of Robespierre has been issued by the Effingham Publishing Company at a shilling. It tells the story of his life succinctly, and is enhanced by very artistic illustrations.

THE GREAT FOOTBALL MATCH.

The final match for the Association Cup, which took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday between Sheffield United and Derby County, drew a record attendance of 75,000 human souls. In the first half Derby scored one goal to the *nil* of Sheffield. In the second half Sheffield asserted itself and scored four goals to the *nil* of Derby. Hence Sheffield carried off the cup (presented by no less a personage than Mr. Balfour himself) amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.



VICTORIEN SARDOU, THE AUTHOR OF "ROBESPIERRE."

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

THE CONTEST OF THE YEAR IN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Methven (captain).
Goodall.

Cox.

Fryer.

Staley.



Allen.

Paterson.

Bloomer.

Oakden.

Boag.

May.

McDonald.

DERBY COUNTY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Helley.

Johnson.

Boyle.

Foulkes.

Almond.

Morren.



Bennett.

Deers.

Needham (captain).

Thickett.

Priest.

SHEFFIELD UNITED FOOTBALL TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JASPER REDFERN, SHEFFIELD.

A TORPEDO THAT IS STEERED BY A LIGHT FROM THE SHORE.

A very remarkable invention, which may revolutionise naval warfare, was exhibited on the Thames last Friday in the shape of an apparatus for directing the motion of a torpedo from the shore. The inventor is a beardless young Swede from Stockholm, Axel Orling by name, and Mr. J. T. Armstrong, of Moorgate Station Chambers, is associated with him in the financial side of the undertaking. Slight and simple as seems the apparatus behind which its very simple-mannered inventor is standing, he—Mr. Axel Orling, with his nine-and-twenty summers—claims to be able with it to direct the course of a torpedo, from ship or shore, to any distance within the range of his vision, extended by a telescope, and without any material connection between the said torpedo and his standpoint. His own sovereign, King Oscar of Sweden—with whom were all the chief official notables of Stockholm—has seen him thus steer a boat for several miles, and what Mr. Orling can do with a boat, he can also, he says, equally do with a torpedo, or even with a liner.

The Brennan torpedo, which was adopted by our Government at a great cost, can be steered to a certain distance by means of an electric wire; but the course of the Orling-Armstrong torpedo may be directed by the mere whistle, so to speak, of its owners, like a pointer or setter, and brought back to heel again if there be no game to strike upon its path. It will thus be seen that, if Signor Marconi—with whose name all Europe is now ringing—has done wonders with his wireless telegraphy, Mr. Orling (who has been zealously supported and encouraged throughout his four and a-half years of experimenting by his colleague, Mr. Armstrong) claims the credit of a still more brilliant discovery, one result of which, he says, will be to render possible the introduction of wireless telephony—a discovery which may well engage the serious attention of our Government before it proceeds to expend the millions it has asked for to extend the telephone system of the country. Signor Marconi cannot concentrate his waves of energy, but Mr. Orling claims to concentrate his waves of light, and thus transfer his steering power from the place where he is standing—on ship or shore—to his torpedo (or his liner). He transmits his motor-power by means of rays of light, and the light which he transmits from his controlling, or steering, apparatus on shore (as shown in the illustration) to the torpedo attachment is there transmuted into electrical induction. In other words, his invention is a new means of transmitting electrical power sufficient to control the steering-gear of a torpedo or a ship, and the whole apparatus, apart from the price of the torpedo, will cost only about £220.

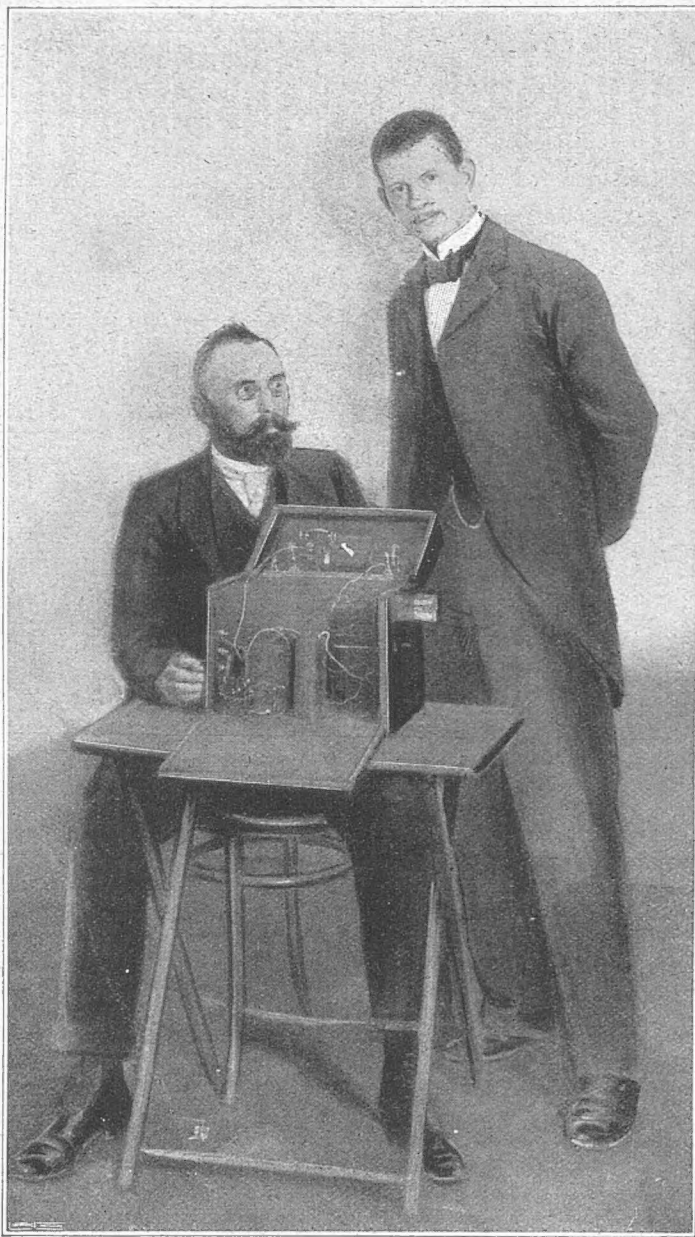
"Whaur's yer Wully Shakspeare noo?" once asked an exultant Scotsman of the English. "Where's your *Gustav Zedé* now?" we English will soon be asking of the French. The steerer of the *Gustav Zedé* must go with it, like Jonah in the belly of the whale, and share all its dangers, including that of being belched forth again on to dry land. But the controller of the Orling-Armstrong torpedo may sit at ease in his armchair, and direct the course of his engine of destruction as if it were a hound which at any moment he can whistle into heel, or divert from one quarry to another, or make to bark (that is, burst) at will, or perform a *chassez-croisez* dance among the waves. The *Gustav Zedé* is a submarine affair; but so is the Orling-Armstrong torpedo, which glides along at the rate of about two-and-twenty knots at a depth of ten feet below the surface of the water, while the receiving-rod, which is the visual bond of connection between the torpedo and the transmitting station, or steering-point, is a foot out of water, though this elevation may be made greater according to need. Mr. Orling claims, indeed, to do anything with his torpedo within his visual area—which may be immensely enlarged by taking his stand on an elevated position, say, the cliffs of Dover, which command a view of all the Channel to the very shore of France; and even darkness cannot interfere

with his design. For, by means of an electric lamp surmounting the rod projecting out of the water, with its shade always turned towards the enemy, he can still mark the will-o'-the-wisp whereabouts and direct the course of his torpedo better almost than in the glare of full day. In this way none of the Orling-Armstrong torpedoes can ever get lost and prove a subsequent danger to fortuitous seafarers. Another of its features is that the controllers of its course have also complete power over the moment of its explosion, so that it can be made absolutely innocuous should it strike the wrong object.

Altogether, it is a wonderful and epoch-marking invention, with its application to telephony as already referred to. But the invention may find developments in a manner still more wonderful and beneficent. For, on the principle that it will influence a delicate magnetic needle at

practically any distance, Mr. Orling promises very confidently to obviate all collisions at sea between ships having his apparatus on board, and he even makes bold to assert that its use would have prevented the recent wreck of the *Stella*, with all its lamentable loss of life.

In Mr. Orling's conversation and manner there is certainly nothing to suggest the charlatan or the visionary. Quite the opposite. And if this invention of his, the ninety-second of its kind in the field of electric engineering which he has patented, proves to be as effective as he declares it to be, he will take premier rank at once among the greatest destroyers and the greatest preservers of his race.



MR. AXEL ORLING AND MR. J. T. ARMSTRONG.

AFRICANS AT EARL'S COURT.

The trouble that threatened the Earl's Court directorate has happily passed over, and the various black gentlemen whose welfare gave so much trouble to a paternal Government are *en route* for London to show Englishmen how they dance, cook, fight, and generally solve the enigma of existence. Some delay was caused by the absence of passports, and they were fined two shillings apiece before they left Africa. They will be reinforced by a detachment from Dahomey, and will help to realise a spectacle, "From the Cape to Cairo," when the Exhibition opens in May. Our Government has of late years exercised a wise discretion in dealing with imported natives. Not so long ago, showmen had a habit of collecting specimens of uncivilised humanity, and bringing them to Europe to be exhibited. If the public made the undertaking a success, the natives were sent back at the end of the tour; if the impresario lost money, he quietly disappeared, leaving the unhappy strangers to shift for themselves.

To-day the man who wishes to bring native troupes from India to London must deposit their return fares and give several pertinent undertakings. Earl's Court has always been noted for its good treatment of native visitors, and has received the thanks of the India Office. The strangers from South Africa are coming over with Mr. Phillis, one of the most popular showmen in the S.A.R. Half-civilised people are difficult to manage.

A gentleman whose experience is very great tells me that the people who give least trouble are the skilled workers in brass or ivory who come from Indian States. After the first few days of their visit the novelty wears off, and they settle down to work with all the tireless, patient energy characteristic of the East in its most cultured mood. The wild men who are coming to Earl's Court will require constant watching: the least chill flies to their lungs, strong drink flies to their heads, and they have a large stock of primitive instincts apt to disconcert the nineteenth-century mind developed in the West. Zulus and the men of other wild tribes retain their wonder and astonishment to the end of their lives; the cultured Indian, on the other hand, speedily recovers his normal sense of superiority, and my informant, who speaks several Indian dialects, tells me the cultured among our strange visitors regard their employers with mixed pity and contempt.



MISS BEATRICE LAMB AS ANNE OF AUSTRIA IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS,"
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

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"SHAKESPEARE'S DÉBUT." *

Herr Bormann, it appears, has written two classes of books. Six volumes
are dedicated to "erudition" ("Wissenschaft"), and are all concerned
with the Bacon-Shakspeare controversy. Twenty are described as
"humouristic." From the advertisement it would seem that the present
volume is intended for the section of "Wissenschaft." But for this we
should have charitably taken it for a piece of rather Teutonic humour.
And that would have been a pity, for, as humour, it is only faintly
amusing, while, as "Wissenschaft," it is exquisite. The object is to
show that there is a connection between Bacon's Essays and "Love's
Labour's Lost." First of all, were not both published in the year 1598
(N. S.)? This is *eine wichtige Thatsache*, in view of the fact that each
of them was the first work to which the author affixed his name. But
what about "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece"? Well, to be sure,
Shakspeare did sign these; but, then, "Love's Labour's Lost" was the
first *drama* he signed. That is, of course, highly significant and *wichtig*.
Then, the drama is concerned about a King of Navarre, and the Essays
are dedicated to Bacon's brother Antony, who was once at the Court of
the King of Navarre. Moreover, in this dedication Bacon declares that
he is publishing his Essays in haste and without revision, for fear of
being anticipated by some pirate who might bring out "untrue Coppies"
with "some garnishment." This leads us to the main thesis. Bacon's
anxiety about the "untrue Coppies" was a mere blind—it was to
prepare readers for the startling resemblance between the Essays
and "Love's Labour's Lost." For the play is Bacon's own piracy on
Bacon! It is true that it has taken the world three hundred years to
discover the resemblance which Bacon feared would at once give away
his secret. But that is a trifle—the secret is out at last, and "German
erudition," we are told, has scored another "triumph" in opening our
eyes to it.

"Now perpend!" Here are the proofs. Bacon, in the introductory
address to his brother, dedicates the Essays "to our love," and signs
himself as "loving brother." The significant connection with "Love's
Labour's Lost" is obvious—at any rate, it has not escaped Herr Bormann's
eagle eye. Then, in the second sentence of Bacon's dedication, we find
the word "labour." Furthermore, the occurrence in both the dedication
and in the enlarged title of the play of the words "please" and
"conceit" is also *wichtig*, though Herr Bormann grants that the
coincidence in both documents of words like "as," "it," "by," "at,"
and "for" is "perhaps" not of much importance.

But the piracy? Turn to the first of the Essays, as given in the
earliest edition. The title is, "Of Studies." Now, the play is concerned
with the attempt of the King of Navarre and his friends to withdraw
themselves from the world for three years—for what purpose? Why to
devote themselves to *study*—

"Our Court shall be a little Academe!"

The Essay names three kinds or functions of study, "for delight, for
ornament, and for ability," and three excesses or degenerations of these—
sloth in practical business, affectation, and pedantry. And does not
Shakspeare satirise these very degenerations in the King, the Spaniard,
and the Schoolmaster? Now, how could Shakspeare have thought of
that? And how much there is about books and bookmen in the
two works!

Next, Herr Bormann skips to the Latin essays on religious subjects, or
"Meditationes Sacre," included in the first edition of the Essays. There
are brilliant discoveries to be made in this region. Bacon's first Meditation
is headed "De operibus Dei et hominis"—"Labours" again! But this
is not all. Bacon contrasts the labours of God with those of man—God
is pleased with all his works, while man often finds his toil in vain; in
other words, his *labour is lost*! Later on, both the play and the
Meditation speak of the vanity of the pursuit of Fame. There is
plagiarism unabashed! How, asks Herr Bormann, except on one
hypothesis, could Bacon (an experienced lawyer, remember) have omitted
to take legal proceedings against this robber of the fruit of his brain?
How, indeed!—except that there was no Law of Copyright then. It
would not take, we believe, nearly so much evidence to convict a German
editor of *lese-majesté*.

All the Shakspeare-Bacon writers try to show that Bacon concealed
his own name in Shakspeare's writings, or Shakspeare's in his. Herr
Bormann has some performances in this line worthy of the author of "The
Great Cryptogram." Thus, out of the initial-letters of different sections
of the "Essays" he gets the following combination—

LOUSVVIS.

It does not look promising, reader, does it? But you do not know
Herr Bormann and the resources of German "Wissenschaft." "LOU"
are the first letters of the title of "Love's Labour's Lost." "S," of
course, stands for "Shakspeare." The two "V's" and the "I" are
equivalent to "WI," the first letters of "William." And the last "S"?
Oh, says Herr Bormann, that must be "Shakspeare" again—he just
threw it in a second time!

But the most resplendent display of Herr Bormann's genius for
literary research occurs in connection with the title-page of the "Novum
Organum." The author's name is given as "Verulam," Bacon having
just been raised to the peerage. Now, "Veru" is a Latin word for
"spear," and "lam" is "an old English verb" meaning "to beat," "to
swing," or "to shake." "Lord Verulam," therefore, is plainly revealed
as one who lams or shakes a spear!

T. W. ROLLESTON.

* "Shakespeare's Début: 1598." Von Edwin Bormann. Edwin Bormann's Seilsverlag, Leipzig.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

And so the Duke of Connaught may be Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha after all. The gossips, who seem to know everything, had told us that the Duke would skip the Teutonic honour for the benefit of his son. But he hasn't, for, in the event of the Duke of Edinburgh dying before him, our Soldier Prince will take the title. The Duke of Connaught has been influenced (so these same gossips tell us) by his wife, who is a Prussian Princess. But the gossips have not told us of the previous close connection between the Dukedoms of Connaught and Edinburgh, for William Henry, the third son of Frederick Prince of Wales, was created by his brother, George III., Earl of Connaught and Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh in 1764.

The Liberal Party has been stimulated by the return of Sir William Harcourt and the appointment of Mr. Herbert Gladstone as Chief Whip. Sir William was welcomed back to the House of Commons with enthusiasm. Everybody forgot his complaining letter, and his former colleagues received him with smiles. Perhaps they will like him better as a fighting private than as a General in Command. Sir William timed his return for an occasion when his services would be most appreciated. There is no other member on the Liberal side with the same knowledge of finance, and his old followers were only too glad to have a rousing speech from him against the Budget. To get the present Government out is naturally at present their absorbing aim, in the effort to realise which they will readily accept any honourable services. Whether the pleasant relations between the nominal Leader and his much more powerful predecessor will stand the stress of the Session remains to be seen. The development of affairs will depend to some extent on Sir William's own view of his position.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone's appointment as Whip can scarcely be completely gratifying to the late Mr. Tom Ellis's assistants, as it prevents their immediate promotion. Some understanding as to the future, however, has probably been arrived at. If the Liberals were to come into power, Mr. Gladstone would probably be taken into the Cabinet. Meantime, he will be the election "boss." He is personally very popular among all ranks and conditions of the Party, and is a favourite throughout the country. His name is his chief qualification. It is also a recommendation in his favour that he has an excellent position in Society and knows what most people want. By the Irish Nationalists his appointment is hailed with favour on account

of his parentage and of his own fidelity to Home Rule. The wonder is that Mr. Gladstone should have cared to accept such an onerous post. Probably, however, he will have comparatively little to do with the whipping-in, and will be mainly concerned with the control of the Party arrangements throughout the country. Acceptance of this post will prevent him from taking much, if any, part in debate; but that is a proscription which, no doubt, he will regard with equanimity.

The large personal estate, some £375,000, left by the late Sir William Jenner, makes it interesting to recall the big fortunes left by other fashionable and successful medicos of recent times. The next largest personalty to Sir W. Jenner's was that of Sir William Gull. He died in 1890, leaving £344,022 19s. 7d. behind him, to be exact. This, of course, was the result of professional fees, a large proportion of which for a long series of years had been excellently invested. Then comes the late Sir Andrew Clark, though there is a large falling off in the amount, £206,893 19s. 3d. I believe, however, that Sir Andrew sank a good round sum in real estate. Another big fortune was Sir Oscar Clayton's, about £147,000, and yet another of quite recent date, Sir Richard Quain's, about £117,000. Dr. Thomas Armitage left over £200,000, but the bulk of this was certainly not professional earnings; Dr. Paul, of Camberwell, amassed over £100,000, but he owned one, if not two, lucrative private lunatic asylums.

Sir William Bowman, the oculist, Sir Prescott Hewett, Sir George Paget, and Sir Risdon Bennett left substantial fortunes, but all were well under the £100,000. There has been speculation as to what incomes some of these successful doctors earned: £3000 or £4000 a-year is a big income for a professional man, but at one time Sir William Gull's professional fees most certainly averaged £200 a-week, if not more, while Sir Andrew Clark's takings at the zenith of his career must have amounted to an average of over £300 for every six working days. There are prizes in the medical profession, without a doubt.

A correspondent writes to me from Lavenham that he found a nightingale's nest with four eggs in it on the 10th of the month. It was built within a few yards of the house, and the male bird used to wake the household up at four o'clock in the morning with its full, rich notes. Unfortunately, a voracious owl or hawk has robbed the nest, and the bird has migrated to another field and begun building again.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WHO MAY ONE DAY BE THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Pasteur is not to share the common fate of prophets and to go unhonoured in his own country. On April 9, at Lille, a statue of the great bacteriologist was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonial. The work has been executed by M. Cordonnier, the distinguished sculptor, and the funds for its erection have been raised by subscription. The site chosen is in the Place Philippe-le-Bon. Pasteur was Dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille, and in that town began his memorable researches, which led to such important results. On the same day the new Pasteur Institute at Lille was also inaugurated. The foundation of this institution is due to the liberality of Dr. Calmette, the learned director of the establishment, who has already rendered very important services to the northern district of France.

Annually for six hundred years the citizens of the "Ancient Town" of Rye, one of the "nobiliora membra Quinque Portuum," have duly assembled for the election of a Mayor. The names of the Mayors since 1298 are recorded on the walls of the Town Hall—an almost unique record, and, in honour of the six-hundredth year, a joyous celebration is to be held, with sports and a general holiday. Rye, along with Winchelsea, was one of the towns granted by Edward the Confessor to the Monastery of Fécamp, in Normandy; but the gift was resumed by Henry III. for "the better defence of his realm," who bestowed upon the monks some inland manors in exchange—a less dangerous grant. The two towns were then added to the list of the Cinque Ports, which together played no unimportant part in English history, for they continued to supply nearly all the ships required for the Navy up to the time of Henry VII. In return for these services, the citizens were distinguished as the "Barons of the Cinque Ports," and enjoyed many important privileges, such as the right to trade free of toll in all fairs and markets, the right of flotsam and jetsam, the right to be tried in their own Courts and by their own magistrates. They had further the privilege of carrying the canopies over the King and Queen at the coronation, and of dining afterwards in Westminster Hall at the principal table nearest to and on the right of the King. This privilege was exercised as late as the coronation of George IV., but at that of William IV. and of her Majesty the attendance of the Barons was dispensed with. Indeed, of all their many curious rights, assured to them by a long line of charters granted under the Royal Seal from the time of Edward the Confessor onwards, only two still retain a lingering existence—the right not to be summoned on juries outside the town or to be drawn for the Militia.

The inspection of the troops and companies of the Royal Engineers last week at Aldershot by General Sir Richard Harrison was marked by a series of accidents. There are about a thousand "Sappers" stationed at our great military camp, including Bridging and Telegraph Battalions, a Balloon Section, Mounted Detachment, Field Companies and Dépôt, and the inspection, at which Sir Redvers Buller and his staff were present, was in every way satisfactory but for the accidents referred to. A sapper was thrown off a waggon, the wheels going over his side and chest, and he was conveyed to the Cambridge Hospital. Earlier in the day, a sergeant—a champion athlete of the corps, who had previously met with several accidents—was seriously injured by his horse rearing and falling on him. Then, to add a touch of comicality to the affair, the War Balloon, after behaving admirably while under the eyes of the Inspector-General, when left to itself in the Balloon Yard managed to snap its ropes, and forthwith started for Guildford and the South Coast, with mounted officers in pursuit. To the spectators, the last was undoubtedly the most interesting item of the inspection.

The Army Returns give some interesting particulars as to the nationality of our 220,000 "Tommyes." More than three-fourths of the number were English, 26,500 were Irish, and about 16,500 Scots. Some 2500 are given as "unknown," and 142 are described as "foreign"; strange to say, many of the latter are serving in regiments supposed to be particularly exclusive—the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards.

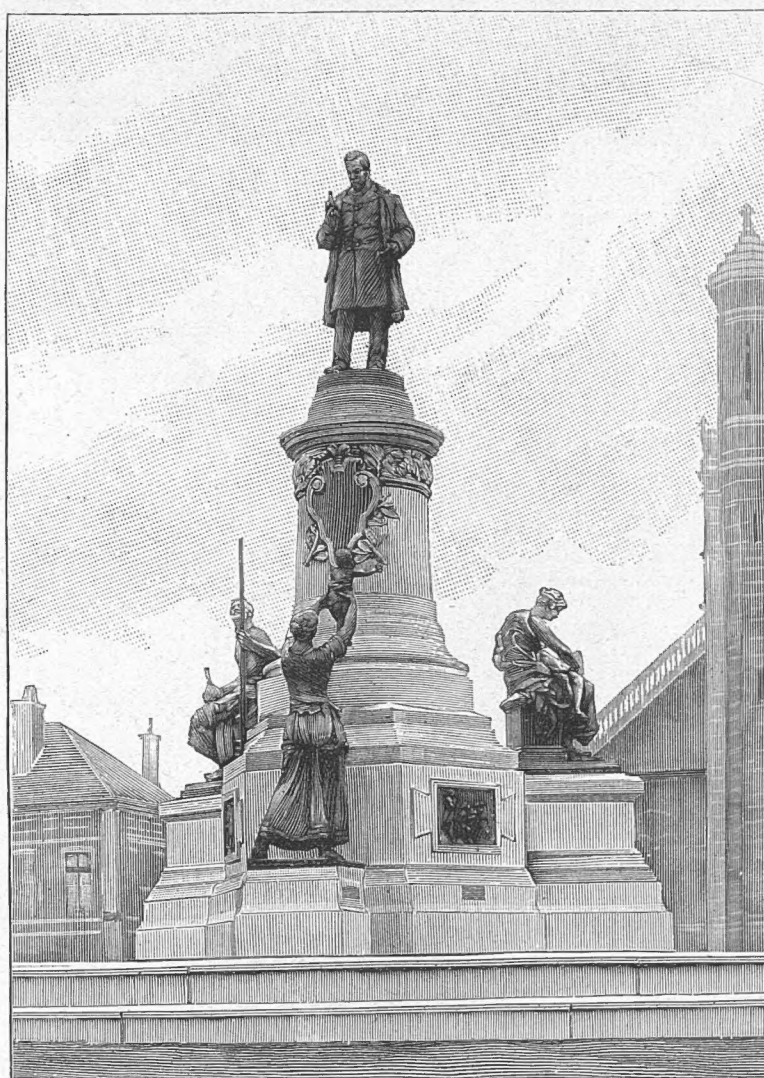
Probably a considerable proportion would be found in the bands of these "crack" corps. With twenty battalions and one cavalry regiment with Scottish titles, it seems that the 16,500 Scots—considering the number of "Jocks" in the Guards, Artillery, and Departmental corps—can scarcely provide for their needs, though the 26,500 Irishmen more than suffice for the sixteen battalions and four cavalry regiments distinctively Irish. Whatever merits the territorial system may have, the uniform now, as ever, is a potent attraction, for those regiments with certain peculiar distinctions in that way are always full up, while others not so fortunate have to be filled by drafted men. The request of the 21st Lancers to have their facings changed from showy scarlet to the comparatively modest French-grey worn by the regiment as Hussars is a sufficient proof of the value attached by "Tommy" to anything that distinguishes his corps from the rest of the Army.

The unveiling of the monument recording the services of the 32nd Foot (now the 1st Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) at Lucknow was an exceedingly interesting ceremony for several reasons. In the first place, the gallant 32nd, who took part in the ceremony, are now stationed at Lucknow for the first time since, more than forty years

ago, they so bravely defended the Residency till relieved by Sir Colin Campbell's little army. Then, too, Lady Inglis, who unveiled the monument, and who spoke a few words on the occasion, is the widow of the heroic commander of the besieged garrison, her husband having served twenty-five years in the regiment, and being its Colonel at the time of his death; she herself is one of the ladies whom the 32nd so bravely defended. Many "Mutiny" veterans, both European and native, were also present, some of whom actually took part in the defence of Lucknow, and Sir A. P. MacDonnell, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, made a stirring speech. Every officer and man of the regiment subscribed liberally towards the cost of the memorial. The Cornwalls have a record extending from Dettingen to the Nile 1884-5, yet Lucknow is perhaps the "honour" they have most reason to be proud of. During the Mutiny the 32nd lost nearly six hundred officers and men. As Sir A. P. MacDonnell fittingly concluded his speech: "These worn walls, these honoured graves, eloquent of duty done, this famous regiment now marshalled on this hallowed ground for the first time since they left it that November night over forty years ago, this remnant of the comrades who stood by you, shoulder to shoulder, during the siege; finally, this most pathetic figure" (Lady Inglis) formed a most striking picture, one perhaps unique in the annals of the British Army.

Talking about regiments, I have often spoken about their journals. I have just received a copy of the *Maple Leaf* (number 47), which is the magazine of the Royal Canadians, now stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia. It is a very bright little journal. Regimental journals have strange titles, as, for instance, *Faugh-a-Ballagh*, *One and All*, *The Thin Red Line*, and *The Sprig of Shillelagh*.

The Grand Hotel at Rome, where the Princess of Wales and her two daughters have been staying, is under the same direction as the Savoy Hotel in London, but it is a far more magnificent building. The dining-hall, the corridors, and any number of the bedrooms contain decorations that are simply palatial judged by English standards. The fact is that the Italian still retains his extraordinary artistic instinct, which finds its best expression in wall-decoration. I remember that I was staying at Sorrento a year or two ago, and was amazed at the work that some quite unknown Italian artist was engaged upon in the rooms of one of the largest of the Sorrento hotels. I was introduced to this artist, and asked him to send me one or two examples of work in black-and-white for publication in this journal. Alas, the gulf that separated these efforts from the wall-decoration was quite incredible! Even when working in colours on ordinary canvas, my Italian friend's artistic gift seemed to evaporate, yet his work, when confined to the plaster of a house, was calculated to charm everyone.



THE MONUMENT TO M. PASTEUR AT LILLE.

Photo by M. Lescroart.

The little Essex village of Chipping Ongar is a remarkable place. With a population of eight hundred, there are twelve persons, of whom four are women, whose united ages amount to 1032 years. They all live in the same street; one is ninety-three, one ninety-two, one ninety, one eighty-seven, two eighty-six, two eighty-four, three eighty-three, and one eighty-one.

A good many people will go to Wiesbaden this season for the coming fêtes, which open on May 14, and at which quite a number of royalties will show up. Both the King and Queen of Sweden and the King of the Belgians are already booked, and the ever-busy Kaiser Wilhelm has, I hear, designed some of the costumes for a play which Herr Joseph Lauff is writing at his Majesty's command. The gay little watering-place is in, therefore, for a procession of events, and already the hotels and apartments are booking rooms at portentous prices.

Why should not St. Paul's be opened up? The temple in the crowded mart is all very well; but when you get a clear view of Wren's masterpiece, such as the demolition of a warehouse in the east end of St. Paul's Churchyard has afforded us recently, you see what a wonderful place the Cathedral is. Why could not the sight remain permanently clear? I believe there is no truth in the rumour that the authorities of St. Paul's are about to revise the old saying so as to make it read "Gauliness is next to godliness."

It is difficult to study the legion of prize-competitions with which weekly journals allure the young and sanguine without feeling that there

must be an enormous amount of patience, perseverance, and industry in the world which, apparently through lack of some more useful outlet, is compelled to turn its attention to ascertaining the increase of the population during some future period or the probabilities of football averages, or some similar conundrum. An opportunity has at length been offered by which these misdirected energies may be devoted to a subject of real importance as well as of Herculean difficulty. In order to encourage the study of Local Government, the sum of ten guineas has been placed at the disposal of the London School of Economics and Political Science, to be awarded, in October next, as a prize for the best description of the organisation and working of a Local Governing body, and an elaborate syllabus has been prepared by experts in local administration indicating the principal points to be dealt with.

Mr. M. E. Greville combines business with the art of the bard. He has just issued a volume of his verse, under the title "From Veld and Street," which he describes in

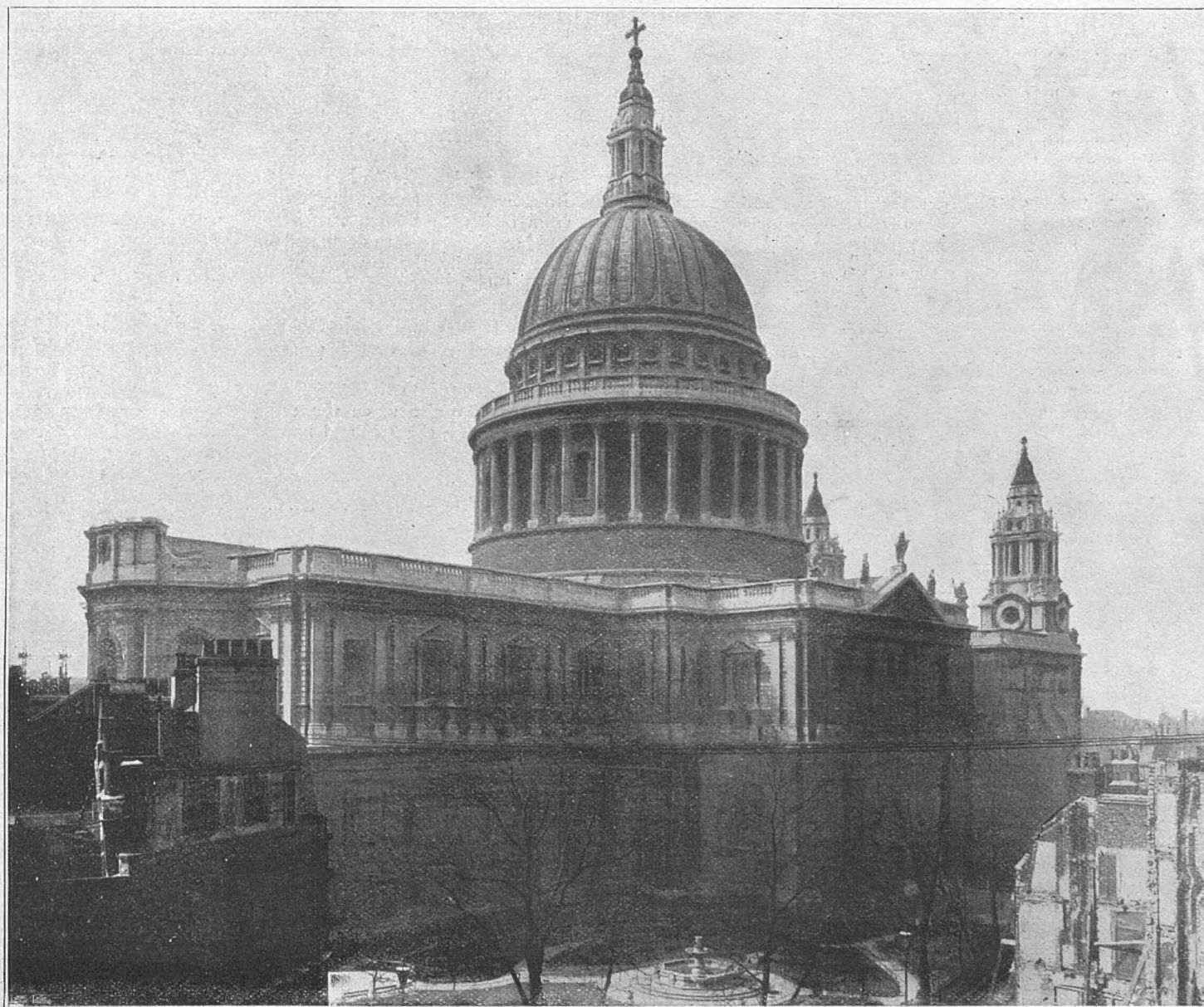
a sub-title as "Rhymes, more or less South African." City men seldom get "the House" enshrined in verse, yet Mr. Greville manages to make even the click of a tape assume poetic form. His African ditties are very lively, but his *envoi* indicates that he has come back to earth—

I'm cured; and now to stocks and shares
My sole attention I devote.
Not steeds I tend, but "bulls" and "bears";
'Tis prices now, not verse, I quote.



A PICTURESQUE CORNER (THE "KING'S HEAD") IN THE REMARKABLE VILLAGE OF CHIPPING ONGAR.

Photo by Jessop.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, AS OPENED UP BY THE DEMOLITION OF A DRAPERY ESTABLISHMENT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

Every lover of horses will sympathise with the humanitarians who met on Monday to protest against the use of asphalt for roads. The slightest sprinkle of rain makes these roads as slippery as a skating-rink, and, although the London horse is a very clever skater, it is distressing to see him trying to keep his feet on a wet night.

CRUELTY TO HORSES.

ASPHALTE ROADS.

A PUBLIC MEETING

ORGANISED BY
"Our Dumb Friends' League,"
(A Society for the Encouragement of Kindness to Animals)

WILL BE HELD AT

WESTMINSTER TOWN HALL,

On MONDAY, APRIL 17th, at 8 p.m.

To Protest against the continuance of the action of the Westminster Vestry in laying Asphalt Roads.

A Petition against the further laying of Asphalt will be in the Hall for signature, and forms can be had from the Secretary, at the Office, 144, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

COL. SIR HOWARD VINCENT, M.P.

WILL TAKE THE CHAIR.

Supported by Canon Willmerforce, Col. Charles Colville, Henry Kimber, Esq., M.P., W. Burdett-Coutts, Esq., M.P., George Candy, Esq., Q.C., Mr. Thomas Ryan (on behalf of London Cabdrivers), and others.

DISCUSSION INVITED.

ADMISSION FREE.

Somebody has said that the Peerage is "the best thing that the English have done in the way of fiction." When it is admittedly fiction, it is even better than the best. What a curious Peerage could be compiled of noblemen as created in novels and plays. For instance, from the details in some recent plays, I might begin prosaically thus—

The Right Hon. the Earl of Asgarby, born 1830. In 1890 he was a widower with an only daughter, Lady Eve, born in 1875. She was so delicate that she was introduced (by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones), at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1890, to Mr. Dethic, a quack, and the Rev. Judah Llewellyn, his dupe. Despite the treatment of these physicians, Lady Eve is understood to have died. The Earl's seat was Asgarby Castle, Beachampton.

His Grace the Duke of St. Olpherts made a notable entry into public life (at the Garrick Theatre) on March 13, 1895, when he was introduced by Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero. At that time he was the "wreck of a very handsome man, with delicate features, a transparent complexion, a polished manner, a smooth, weary voice"—and a limp. He married the sister of Lady Cleeve, whose son, Lucas, married (in 1892) Sybil (daughter of Sir John Steyning), and left her to go to Rome. Mr. Cleeve fell ill there, and was nursed by a widow, Mrs. Agnes Ebbsmith (*née* Thorold). The Duke went out to Italy to prevent Lucas from reversing the nursing process.

The Right Hon. Bertie, Lord St. Orbyn, British Ambassador at Madrid, born 1845. In the company of John Oliver Hobbes, he paid a visit (*à la* the St. James's Theatre, in 1898-9) to Paris to see his old friend—he had had many—Lady Beauvedere, whose son was engaged to a penniless girl, Julia, daughter of the late Colonel Gainsborough and granddaughter of the Duke of Blank. Lord St. Orbyn, however, got Julia to think of himself and leave her fiancé for Lady Gwendolen Marleaze.

And so on. Now we have got the "Gay Lord Quex," the nicest peer in the *Globe* (with a capital G). His history has been turned into a jingle by "J. M. B." thus—

I know them by heart, from the Duke to the Bart.—

The bountiful Bertie, the bore;

The cheap novelette sort of Burke and Debrett,

The more philosophical corps.

John Oliver Hobbes is at home with the "nobs"

As much as in painting her sex;

But where is the twin to the Peerage of "Pin.,"

And Harry the Marquess of Quex?

We don't know his name, though we hear that his fame

Was very well known on the Town.

He flirted with dears of all tempers and years

(Which Sophy condemned with a frown).

I think Mr. Hare misses some of the air

That I fancy enveloping wrecks,

And yet he was gay in an old-fashioned way,

The manicured Marquess of Quex.

One morning he spied out a maid for his bride

(She struck me as being too cold);

Sir Chichester Frayne tried to ween him in vain,

As he cast off the Adam of old.

For Eden had come, and his amorous chum

Could then do but little but vex,

And he had to be rude to the Duchess of Strood—

Which was harsh of the Marquess of Quex.

The moral is nice, though it's peppered with spice,

For it's simply the Prodigal Son,

But it seems to appal them at Exeter Hall

(Where the May Meeting routs have begun).

And the Bishops pronounce him an evil to trounce,

For his methods and manners perplex.

So much for the Pew: but I fancy the Quene

Will wait on the Marquess of Quex.

Where did Mr. Pinero get the name of "Quex"? There is a Quex Park at Westgate-on-Sea, but I fancy Mr. Pinero christened his Marquis after Quex Road, Kilburn, which is not far from his house in Hamilton Terrace. There is not a single Quex in the current issue of the "London Directory." The other day I referred to the name of Grierson, apropos of Mr. Esmond's play. I have had several letters about the family of Grierson. Dr. Clements D. Grierson Hailes, of Clifton, reminds me that, though Sir Robert Grierson was a Covenanter baiter, yet during the last three generations many members of the house have "faithfully served their lawful Sovereign and held honourable positions in the service and other professions." Which shows that the Griersons have more Ways than one.

Another Grierson was making himself famous while Mr. Esmond's play was running. This is Mr. Henry Grierson, the new Deputy Chairman of the North British Railway. He is an influential business-man in Glasgow, and has been connected with the North British Railway since 1872. The *Railway Magazine* for April has an illustrated paper on "The Jubilee of the Waverley Route," from which we learn that the

company was incorporated in 1844 for a line from Edinburgh to Berwick, which was opened in 1846. The line through the Land of Scott to Hawick was opened fifty years ago this month.

Apropos your note the other week concerning Russel, of the *Scotsman*, and Archbishop Strain, many stories relating to the former (writes a correspondent) must be in Mr. Barrie's possession. Mr. Barrie certainly made some preparation with the work of Russel's life, and his communications with many who had reminiscences of the famous editor must have brought him not a few incidents regarding that rare personality. Mr. Barrie, to the regret of some of his friends, a good while since abandoned the task he had, reluctantly indeed, undertaken. Since then Sheriff Campbell Smith, of Dundee, has been frequently spoken of as biographer of the most widely known of the *Scotsman's* editors, and there is a probability that this old friend of Russel's may yet give to the world a monograph worthy of himself and his subject. Scottish readers of *The Sketch* have no doubt as to the catholicity of the present editor of the *Scotsman*, but they are, at the same time, somewhat sceptical as to his allegiance to the Church of Rome. Do not again incur their displeasure by designating a Roman Catholic prelate "Archbishop of Edinburgh," or giving an additional "1" to Sandy Russel's name.

The Prince George Bibesco, Associate Member of the Institute, has just published in Paris, under the title of "Prisonnier," his military souvenirs of the "terrible year," in which campaign he served as a superior officer of the French Army, and thus calls public interest afresh upon the little group of Eastern ex-potentates domiciled at Paris. The Bibescos and the Brancovans, with whom they are allied, as everybody knows, are princely families of the Balkans, who, dispossessed by Turkey, have since made their homes at Paris. These two families have contributed in a large degree to the brilliance of exclusive social circles of French life under the present Republic. The Brancovans, whose feminine members are renowned in Paris for their beauty and talents, come of that Prince of Wallachia and Helen Cantecuzene famed for their intrigues between Russia and Turkey in the war of 1710, in which Byron's hero, Mazeppa, is supposed to have mixed as an intriguing opponent, and whom the Turks strangled with his four sons.

The *salon* of the Prince Alexander Bibesco and of the Princess (born Brancovan) is one of the most delightful in Paris, gathering all that is rarest in the artistic, literary, and social worlds. The Prince is a distinguished scholar and bibliophile, and the Princess one of the greatest of amateur musicians, playing with impeccable science and prodigious mechanism, in a style that unites energy with tenderness. The Princess Brancovan is equally known as a social leader, and is as great a musical artist as her sister-in-law. It was she that took Paderewski under her patronage while that virtuoso was still ignored by the public.

The "Prisonnier" of Prince George Bibesco traces a thrilling experience from Sedan to Coblenz as a captive, and furnishes precious documents on the part taken by the cavalry at Sedan, settling with peremptory proofs a number of disputes regarding that heroic feat of arms. It falls to-day into the midst of the wrangling of French officers over the Dreyfus bone as a gentle reproach. It is dedicated to the Princess George Bibesco, who also made the campaign, rescuing from the field and nursing six hundred wounded, without distinction of nationality.

The new number of the *Windmill* is less strong in point of its art this quarter than it has previously been. Its most interesting feature is an appreciation of Gleeson White by Mr. Wilfred Prager, together with a portrait of the dead critic, drawn from memory by Mr. Alan Wright.

It is strange that two plays with the title of "Car—Sahib" should have been produced within a few days of one another, for, in addition to "Carnac Sahib," at Her Majesty's, a play called "Carlyon Sahib" was produced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell the other day for copyright purposes. It is the work of Mr. Gilbert Murray, who has just resigned the Professorship of Greek in Glasgow University. Professor Murray some years ago wrote a novel about Greek inscriptions, which pleased Mr. Lang, called "Gobi or Shâmo." He is now about to devote himself to literary work. His book on Greek Literature, which he wrote for Mr. Heinemann, brought him into a controversy with Mr. Herbert Paul in the *Nineteenth Century*. Professor Murray is married to a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.

OPERA HOUSE

WINTER GARDEN

SOUTHPORT.

THURSDAY, APRIL 6

At Twelve o'clock.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

AND HER LONDON CO.

To a New and Original Play, in Four Acts, entitled:

CARLYON SAHIB

By GILBERT MURRAY.

The First Three Acts take place in CARLYON'S COUNTRY HOUSE IN ENGLAND.

The Fourth Act in A BUNGALOW IN THE GHAUTCHERRY HILLS, INDIA.

Doors Open at 11.45. Commence at 12.

Price of Admission - ONE GUINEA.

The other day I gave a picture of a Shetland pony thirty-two inches high. Here is a Welsh mare, one of a pair belonging jointly to Mr. Thomas L. Cartman, Bolton, and Mr. W. E. Simister, Poulton-le-Fylde. They are just under thirty inches in height without shoes. The



THIS WELSH PONY IS LESS THAN 30 INCHES HIGH.

stallion is four years old, and the mare five. She had a foal on March 29, which two days afterwards weighed six pounds and was about thirteen inches high, looking more like a young lamb than a "gee-gee."

The ponies are frequently seen in the streets of Bolton, harnessed either to a miniature dogcart or tiny hansom-cab, at one time owned, it is said, by the original Tom Thumb. Mr. Cartman has himself driven the ponies tandem with a dogcart, delivering on one occasion three cases of bottled beer to a customer. One day, coming from the farrier's, he, for a joke, drove the ponies right into the Rope and Anchor Hotel, Deansgate, Bolton, the miniature specimens travelling along the lengthy passage which leads to the smoke-room in that hostelry.

If polo is ever to become a game for men of moderate means, the time is surely not yet, and the price of good ponies be any criterion. The Messrs. Miller held their annual sale at Spring Hill Farm, Rugby, on March 8, when thirty-four ponies found new owners at an aggregate price of £8982 15s.—an average of £264 4s. per head. Eleven of the ponies brought 300 guineas or over, the "plums" being two mares named Policy and Attack, which went respectively at 750 and 700 guineas.

Last week a sheep belonging to Mr. C. O. Wrenshaw, of Broadwell, gave birth to a lamb with three legs. It thrives well and gets about with its mother quite as well as its twin sister.

Lord Lonsdale renounced the English hunting-field last season for the more exciting sport of India, and last month he made one of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar's shooting-party in Assam. The Maharajah is one of the keenest sportsmen in India, and his annual "big shoot" is a function of great desire among British cold-weather visitors, as it affords an opportunity of seeing sport on a scale of truly Eastern magnificence, scores of elephants and regiments of camp-followers turning out for the occasion. In eighteen days—up to the time the last news



A LAMB WITH THREE LEGS.

received from the party—the bag consisted of three tigers, a black leopard, two bison, six rhinoceros, fifteen buffaloes, and half-a-dozen stags. Two pythons had also been accounted for, one seventeen feet long. Of more recent years, these great snakes have been promoted to a place in the Indian sportsman's bag; aforetime they went unnamed and unhonoured among the "sundries."

Mr. Nelson Harris, of Newlands, Upper-Walmer, Kent, writes to me as follows—

I was greatly interested in your account of the cuckoo and the photographs which illustrated it. I send you herewith a photograph of another young cuckoo. This bird was caught by some lads in a hedgerow at Maresfield, in Sussex, last spring; it had apparently just left the nest, and was able to fly awkwardly. It was given to my little daughter, who is shown in the photograph about to feed her pet. The food we used, and upon which the bird did well, was Sussex ground oats, the same as used by the chicken-fatteners, mixed with hot milk; as a change, he had scraped carrot or parsnip, cooked, and, very occasionally, small pieces of raw meat. Poor cuckoo came to an untimely end last autumn. While put out on the lawn in his cage for air and sunshine, a strange cat managed to get a paw through the wires, and so frightened him that he refused food and pined away. From inquiries I made among the Ashdown Forest people, I find that many have attempted to rear cuckoos, but have never succeeded in keeping them beyond a week or so after Christmas. By this I



A TAME CUCKOO IN A NEST THAT IT WOULD NOT HAVE STOLEN.

Photo by Francis, Nutley.

should judge that it is the cold which kills them, and not a difficulty in finding a suitable food. Our cuckoo grew very tame, and knew his little mistress from anyone else; he would come out of his cage and perch on her hand without attempting to fly away. He would feed himself.

Hound-races have long been popular in the North Country, where the dalesmen train and prepare their hounds with as much care as Newmarket trainers; but in the South of England the hound-race is something of a novelty. The Household Brigade, Staff College, and Royal Artillery Drag Hunts got up such a race near Bracknell on Friday week, each Hunt entering three couples of hounds to run over a course of about three and a-half miles. The start was a pretty sight seen from a hill a quarter-of-a-mile away. The Masters, on horseback, passed along the lane to prepare us; then the wink of an opened gate, and the "field" of nine couples, spreading through, hit off the drag and came flying like pigeons over the grass. It was a good race and a fast, but the field had strung out at the finish, and victory lay with the Royal Artillery Hunt, whose Master, Captain J. Hanwell, counted all his three couples among the eight hounds first home, the Staff College being second, and the Household Brigade third.

How proud the town of Bath is of its famous history! The latest evidence of this is the publication of a map of the town showing all the historic houses. It has been prepared by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterel, and is issued at a shilling by the *Bath Chronicle*.

The latest sixpenny issue is "Chambers's Biographical Dictionary," which strikes me as the best one-volume book in biography that has been done in English.

Signorina Galletti is the daughter of an Italian M.P., and granddaughter of Sir Robert Collier, the late Attorney-General to her Majesty. Though exceedingly young, she has developed an extraordinary talent for painting animals, her *chef-d'œuvre* lately being a portrait of King Humbert's lion, Goma. This lion was a present from the African King



SIGNORINA GALLETTI.

Menelik to King Humbert, and is only three years old. Having been brought to Italy as a cub, he has never known the delights of liberty or of companionship. Queen Margherita was so charmed with the picture that she sent a lovely locket set with diamonds to Signorina Galletti, who was subsequently received by the Queen in private audience.

The departure of Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake from Edinburgh, to reside on this side of the Border, recalls the battle in which she acted as a pioneer to secure equal rights for women at our medical schools. She once lectured on "Medical Women" in the Literary Institute, and a body of policemen had to be ensconced in a side-room to be

ready, if required, to clear the hall of a rowdy element. She was pelted with mud in the streets, and with peas in Queen Street Hall. At first defeated in Edinburgh, she went to London, and helped to promote medical education for women there. Twenty-one years ago she went back to Edinburgh, and founded a Dispensary for Women and Children, which is now dealing with three thousand cases a-year. Thirty years ago, as she remarked at the meeting in her honour, there were only two lady doctors in England, now there are over four hundred. Her former residence, at Bruntsfield Lodge, has been acquired for the purposes of the Edinburgh Hospital for Women. In 1872, Dr. Jex-Blake published her two essays on "Medical Women."

The appointment of Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, extra-Mural Lecturer on Zoology in Edinburgh, to the Chair of Natural History in Aberdeen, vacant by the death of Professor Nicholson, seems in every respect an excellent one. The son of a Free Church minister in the West of Scotland, he has done much brilliant work, although only in his thirty-seventh year, and he always makes his subject full of living interest, either orally or with the pen. Besides, he has a most amiable disposition and is beloved by students. He is author of many contributions to scientific and popular journals, joint author along with Professor Geddes of "The Evolution of Sex," also of "Outlines of Zoology," "The Study of Animal Life," "The Science of Life," and "The Natural History of the Year." Besides University work in Glasgow and Aberdeen, he was for six years Lecturer on Zoology in connection with the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, and for a longer period Lecturer there on Botany. His contributions on common objects of the seashore and kindred subjects to a juvenile magazine called *Young England* show how attractive he can make the study of natural history.

The Rev. J. J. Nesbitt, M.A., is the only clergyman whose recitals have become famous all over the kingdom, especially in Ireland, where he has had a large Dublin church for three years. Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown selected Mr. Nesbitt out of the reciting world to write an introduction to "The Race with Death, and Other Recitals" (published by Ward and Lock), giving an account for the first time of how the famous "Kissing Cup's Race" was written. Mr. Nesbitt is giving his next London recital on Monday in St. George's Hall, in conjunction with Miss Maude Danks, the well-known soprano (who has just returned from fulfilling engagements in Paris). He has just concluded a highly successful provincial tour. His last book, "The Unique Reciter," has been a great success. He is engaged on a new reciter, which will be published by Mr. Bowden.



THE REV. J. J. NESBITT.

Photo by Hanna, Bedford Street, Strand.

Dr. James Martineau, who this week enters upon his ninety-fifth year, is one of a goodly number still living who knew George Borrow, but is certainly the only person still with us who was a schoolmate of the author of "The Romany Rye."

Francis Rychnowski, a mechanical engineer of Lemberg, Austria, has discovered a strange and very subtle matter, which he has called "electroid," because of certain affinity with electricity. Electroid, produced by a special apparatus built by the inventor, is obtained by the dissolution of certain matters under the influence of the electric current. It makes noise, and at the same time a refreshing scent and cool breeze are experienced. This discovery induced Mr. Rychnowski to make a machine capable of refreshing the air to such a degree that those present during the experiment had the feeling that the window was open, although this was not the case. Electroid is a very subtle matter, but it seems to be a fluid, and it can be gathered and preserved, while, falling on a plate, it reflects in a shape of shining sheaves. The Commission appointed by the Austrian Government to investigate this discovery reported that, under the influence of electroid, plants grow rapidly, and the buds of flowers unclose while one is looking at them. Electroid annihilates microbes, and thus preserves organic matter. These are physiological influences of electroid. Among mechanical phenomena, the Commission reported that the influence of electroid is not stopped even by a brick wall and glass; that it attracts solid bodies and makes them shine like moonlight—it makes them move and attract other bodies; finally, that it acts on photographic plates and produces sharp and distinct lines, such as were formerly possible only with a very powerful lens. The conclusion of the Commission was that Mr. Rychnowski's discovery will play a great part if applied to industry, as is the case with the discovery of his countryman, Jan Szezepanik.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of John Foxe, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," which was published in 1563. The book was once regarded with almost as much reverence as the Scriptures, and, by the order of the Government, in 1563 a copy was placed in every parish church. To secure its safety, it was, like the Bibles, chained to the desk. Many of these were large, six-sided affairs, affording room for several readers, and doubtless they were greatly appreciated in the days when books were rare and costly. Foxe died on April 18, 1587, and was buried at St. Giles', Cripplegate, the living of which church he held for a short time, resigning because he objected to the wearing of a surplice. This blocked his preferment, though he often preached, and at one time held a stall at Durham.



FOXES "BOOK OF MARTYRS" CHAINED IN A BUCKS CHURCH.

Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

A monument in memory of William Wallace is to be erected at Robroyston. It will consist of a Scottish Celtic cross of the Wallace period, made of red Peterhead granite, twenty feet in height, including granite base, and of dressed but unpolished stone, which will be raised to a total height above ground of twenty-five feet by means of a rockery. On the face of the cross will be engraved in relief a huge Wallace sword, nearly twelve feet long, beneath which an heraldic shield of the Wallace period will be charged with a lion rampant, having above the motto "In Defence," all in relief. On the granite base the name "Wallace" and date "mcccv" will appear in antique lettering. In addition, the rockery will have a bronze plate with longer inscription. The whole amount of cost is being raised by voluntary subscription. Of which more than £100 has been received, but about £50 more is required to complete the work. The situation is on a hill and close to a road, and is the reputed site of Ralph Raa's house, where the patriot was seized on the night of Aug. 5, 1305.

The monumental work by the late Professor Heddle, St. Andrews, on the "Mineralogy of Scotland" is nearing completion, and will be issued in two volumes by David Douglas, Edinburgh. Mr. Goodchild, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, has been labouring at the editorial work for over a year, and has brought it up to the latest date. A married daughter of the late Professor Heddle has emerged as a writer of domestic fiction, her "Two Girls in a Flat" and later works having met with considerable success.

Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson was married on the 10th at St. Patrick's Roman-Catholic Church, Soho, by the Right-Rev. J. Laird Patterson, Bishop of Emmaus, not at the Oratory by Cardinal Vaughan, as I wrote last week.

The story of how Constable Gorton, of the Herts Constabulary, lost his life while trying to save that of his dog is one that appeals to all. Just past midnight, some weeks ago, he met his inspector at "a point," near the Grand Junction Canal, at Dudswell, Herts. It was a pitch-dark night and raining heavily. Both men heard the cry of the dog, which



A POLICEMAN WAS DROWNED IN TRYING TO SAVE THIS COLLIE.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

had by some means got into a lock on the canal. The inspector bade Gorton open one of the gates, and let the animal swim out. In the morning, Gorton's helmet was found floating on the water, from which his body was subsequently dragged. It is supposed that he endeavoured to lift the dog out, but overbalanced himself, and, being weighted by his heavy boots and rain-sodden clothes, was unable to swim, and sank immediately. Gorton was thirty-one years old, and was regarded by all as a steady and capable officer. He leaves a widow and four young children, on whose behalf a fund is being raised by the Rector of Aldbury, Herts, who will be glad to receive contributions.

"Pepys's old house for sale" A curiously fascinating announcement for anyone who has enjoyed the garrulous little Secretary's gossip in the inimitable "Diary." One thinks of little Samuel Pepys, dapper and debonair in his suit with great skirts, as always dangling about great people, and gossiping, more or less maliciously, about the "Merry Monarch" and the fair, frail beauties of his dissolute Court and times. It is, therefore, a little piquant by virtue of contrast to associate him with the quaint old house known as "The Lordship," Cottenham, near Cambridge, which is now in the market, together with some five cottages, for sale as "a dividend-paying property of exceptional historical value." And yet, Town ruffler that he was, the connection of Pepys with the little Cambridgeshire village is indisputable. On June 12, 1667, we find him recording in his Diary: "I met Roger Pepys, newly come out of the country; in discourse he told me that his grandfather, my great-grandfather, had £800 per annum in Queen Elizabeth's time in the very town of Cottenham, and that we did certainly come out of Scotland with the Abbot of Crowland." A little later he says: "Roger Pepys told me that when I come to his house he will show me a decree in Chancery wherein there was twenty-six men all housekeepers in the town of Cottenham in Queen Elizabeth's time of our name." Pepys was educated at Cambridge University, as all the world knows, and one record of his career is preserved in the register of his college: "Oct. 21, 1653. Mem. That Peapys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill for having been scandalously over-served with drink ye night before." "Scandalously over-served" is delightful. The house has beautiful old staircases and fireplaces, and altogether it would seem to offer a quite unique opportunity to lovers of the historically interesting in combination with the rural and the remunerative.



THIS HOUSE AT COTTENHAM WHERE SAMUEL PEPYS LIVED IS FOR SALE.

A correspondent notes that the Miss Mary Jane Jannett Turner whose death took place on the 21st ult. was *not* a sister of Miss Ellen Turner who was abducted in 1826. Mr. W. Turner (Miss Ellen Turner's father) married his cousin, an aunt of Miss M. J. J. Turner, so that she was *cousin* to Miss Ellen Turner. There are several members of other branches of the Turner family still living, but Mr. W. Turner, of Shrigley Park, had only one child, Miss Ellen Turner.

The "Herd Laddie" is dead. Perhaps you never heard of him, but James Wyllie, to give him his real name, was beloved by all draught-players. He was born at Markinch, in Fifeshire, previously famous as the source of all the biggest gooseberries and the most superfluously be-legged chickens in all Caledonia. It was always believed that Markinch would have evolved a Sea-Serpent if it had had a stream big enough to hold one. More recently, however, Markinch had come to rely for sensation on the exploits of its "Herd Laddie." He seldom visited the place, but the local papers followed his career, and chronicled his successes with a wealth of detail such as Society journals would grudge to vouchsafe to royalty.

The "Herd Laddie," of course, had but a poor opinion of chess, which he considered a sort of milk for babes. He objected to the diversity of motions, and the knight's move, in particular, he deemed a thing for derision. As a matter of fact, he had few interests beyond the "dambrod." There is a legend that, on the morrow of the Prince Consort's death, a friend accosted him with the remark, "This is sad news the day, James?" "Ay, ay," was the reply; "I had a bit sair



THE GREAT DRAUGHT-PLAYER KNOWN AS THE "HERD LADDIE."
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

heid this morning; but he winna dae't again, I'll warrant ye." The "Herd Laddie" imagined the other was offering condolences on a defeat by a dangerous rival.

The Cairo season is over, and those who have been benefited by it are coming home. The memory of the land of the Pharaohs will be kept fresh by an interesting book, "A Pilgrimage to Egypt," written by the Rev. James Smith. Though the learning of the book is not deep enough to thrill the student—to whom, indeed, the work hardly pretends to appeal—yet it gives a vivid account of Egypt in the days of Joseph, as well as of Egypt in the days of Kitchener. The general accuracy of the volume, which contains two maps, one hundred and fifty-eight illustrations, a glossary, and a full index, is vouched by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford.

The ball in aid of the Seaside Convalescent Home of the London Hospital will take place at the Hotel Cecil on April 20 at 10 p.m. Among the patronesses are the Duchesses of Somerset, Rutland, and Roxburghe, and the Marchioness of Zetland. Tickets may be obtained from the hon. secretaries, Mrs. Spender, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and Miss Gully, Speaker's House, Westminster.

It is not generally known that Mr. Wells, who was released from prison the other day, had a poet for a father. It is many years since Mr. Wells senior, who died before his son became the theme of British song, published "Joseph and his Brethren," but, at the time, the work was much admired by the best authorities. The son does not cultivate the muse, though it is true that at Monte Carlo the numbers came.

SOME PRETTY PARISIANS.

From Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

La Cavaliere is one of the sirens of the Folies-Bergère. She dances ravishingly, and if she has not the universal renown of her colleague of the Rue Richet, Loie Fuller, it is that she has not sought to be novel, but only to perfect herself along the old lines of art. In speaking of her, one reverts naturally to those angels of the theatrical profession of whom it is said that there exist four centres for their fabrication—London, Brussels, Vienna, and Milan—and who usually all turn out to be French of origin. There is a fiction that they cannot be produced in Paris. Of these "angels" they tell the story that a French impresario received one fine morning by train a stock of a dozen Italians, ordered from Milan, all blonde and pretty, and all with very badly made dancing extremities. "But what in the world have you come to Paris for?" exclaimed the ballet-master in a rage. "Because they offered us the trip, and we were not sorry to see our native city once more." La Cavaliere is not of these that travel in covcys, though her name gives the suspicion of a similar origin. Her talent has its own special savour, and her dancing is a unique feature wherever she goes, while her portrait is evidence of her nervous French beauty.

Mdlle. Andrée Megard, the rising artist of the Paris Gymnase,



LA CAVALIERE, OF THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE.

is a comédienne *dernier cri*. Her speciality is the playing of coquettes, in which quality she ranks to-day among the foremost. It is no small achievement in a city of coquettes to become thus an ideal coquette. She played her first important rôle last winter, when she made a "hit" as an old coquette in Ambroise Janvier's play "Marraine." It is in this part that the portrait represents her. Her most prominent success this season has been in Alfred Capus' "Mariage," in which she has given proof of remarkable comic gifts. She possesses a quality highly prized at the boulevard theatres—that of carrying off to advantage the latest confectons of the dressmakers; and it may be added that her dishabille, her peignoirs in mousseline-de-soie and indiscreet lace, are the delight of the men and the despair of the women. She is known as the actress that "undresses herself the best in Paris."

Mdlle. Anna Robinson is a beautiful member of the Paris theatrical world, and, if her art has not yet raised her into fame, she can boast a just celebrity for her personal conquests and her gowns. Which is not so small a matter, for, when all is said, these have been the beginnings of more than one artist of boulevard note. French Society plays demand, among the first requisites of an artist, the ability to carry off fashionable clothes.



MDLLE. ANNA ROBINSON.



MDLLE. ANDRÉE MEGARD.



THE BEAUTIFUL CAVALIERI, OF THE FOLIES-BERGÈRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, PARIS.

THE MRS. SIDDONS OF NORWAY

The Norwegians are mourning the loss of their greatest actress, Mrs. Laura Gundersen—the creator of the principal female characters in Ibsen's and Björnson's dramas. She was born in Bergen, on the western coast of Norway, in 1833, and was thus sixty-six years old when she died. She went on the stage at the early age of sixteen, but did not



MADAME LAURA GUNDERSEN.

Photo by Sæviński, Christiania.

make her début in any important part till she was nineteen, when she played Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," and Gretchen in "Faust." In 1870 she joined the National Theatre in Christiania, which had just been opened under the auspices of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. About this time she appeared as Mary Queen of Scots, in his drama of that name, and at once established her reputation as an actress of the highest rank. She next appeared as Hermione, Desdemona, and Lady Macbeth, which are considered her greatest rôles in her classical répertoire. It is no secret that Ibsen wrote several of his dramas with Mrs. Gundersen in his mind's eye as the ideal representative of his heroines. She was the original Hjordis in his "The Vikings on Hjelgeland," the Lady Inger in "Lady Inger of Östraat," the Ellida Wangel in "The Lady from the Sea," and the Rebecca in "Rosmersholm." One of her last rôles was Mrs. Borkman in "John Gabriel Borkman." Mrs. Gundersen possessed a wonderfully clear and melodious voice, which she preserved to the last, and her *plastique* was pure and noble. Her voice is now silent, but her name will ever remain as the greatest in the annals of Norwegian dramatic art in the present century. In 1864, Mrs. Gundersen, then Miss Svendsen, married Mr. Sigvard Gundersen, the Norwegian actor, who has won his greatest laurels by the side of his gifted wife as Othello, Macbeth, Faust, and in other leading parts in the classic and modern drama. Mr. Gundersen intends shortly to retire from the stage.

About ten years ago Mrs. Gundersen visited London for the first and only time in her life. She became a great admirer of Miss Ellen Terry, who at the time was playing Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Gundersen was invited one evening to the Lyceum, and it was arranged that she should pay Sir (then Mr.) Henry Irving and Miss Terry a short visit behind the scenes in an *entr'acte*. In order to avoid the long way round to the stage-door, she was conducted through a private door leading from the stalls. The whole stage, which just then was being arranged for a battlefield, was covered with fallen warriors, and it seemed impossible for a lady to find her way among them. But Mrs. Gundersen did not hesitate; she lifted her skirts, stepped carefully over the outstretched bodies which apparently had been arranged with an eye to effect, and safely reached the wings on the opposite side just as Sir Henry, in the picturesque dress of the Scottish chieftain, arrived to receive his visitor. She had scarcely been introduced to him before Miss Terry appeared, ready dressed for the sleep-walking scene. In the most solemn manner, Mrs. Gundersen's friend, who accompanied her, introduced the two great artists to each other: "The Norwegian Lady Macbeth—the English Lady Macbeth."

H. L. B.

DION BOUCICAULT AND HIS FAMILY.

To the youth of the present generation among playgoers the name of Dion Boucicault is associated with the reputation of the son, and, though the name may recall memories of strong melodrama, to what a few is given the power to picture the face "within its silvery setting" of the elder man! To those who are older, and in whose minds there lingers yet the production of his pen, anything which would connect the reputation of the dead dramatist with the grace and cleverness of his descendants is not unendowed with interest. Boucicault was Irish—he was born in Dublin on Boxing Day, 1822—which accounts for much in his career. Educated at University College, London, he began his extraordinarily busy career at the age of nineteen, and in the course of nearly half-a-century (1841-1890) he produced no fewer than a hundred and forty pieces. The best-known of the series is "The Colleen Bawn," produced in 1860. "The Octoroon," beloved by modern amateurs, appeared in the following year, while "The Shaughraun" was not written till 1875. Boucicault was the favourite dramatist of the Queen, who went to see "The Colleen Bawn" two or three times, and to this day his best work retains an extraordinary hold on the provincial and colonial audiences.

But he did more than give us plays. He left a remarkably clever family, who still amuse us. Rarely indeed has a clever man so perpetuated the essence of his brain as in this case of Dion Boucicault. There is a son an actor, there is a son a dramatist, and there is also a charming daughter whose grace the public cherishes. The wheels of chance have given to the brothers, Dion and Aubrey, a twin success, since Dion Boucicault and Arthur Chudleigh have produced Aubrey Boucicault's play, "A Court Scandal," at the Court Theatre—an adaptation from the French by Aubrey Boucicault and Osmond Shillingford. Miss Nina Boucicault presents the latest Lavender in "Sweet Lavender," and surely her performance is as refreshing as the flower is sweet. Thus, with the present members of the family as public favourites, their popularity is not girded by the island seas, since in Australia and in New Zealand Dion Boucicault formed the guiding spirit of the Brough and Boucicault Company.

So long as the drama wields a certain influence in Australasia, the name of Dion Boucicault will be pleasantly recalled, and it is by those only who are acquainted with the monstrous companies which tour the Colonies that the immense work this son of Dion Boucicault accomplished for the cause of the drama in the Southern Hemisphere can be properly appreciated. It would seem but very, very recently that American and British managers have thought it necessary to send companies of even



MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

A Lithograph by F. D. D'Avignon (1855) in the possession of Mr. Pincro.

moderate excellence to New Zealand. It is almost four years since Dion Boucicault visited New Zealand; to him those years have brought success in London, but for quite two years after his farewell there was indeed a blank page in the histrionic history of Maoriland. There was a time when the Brough-Boucicault Company accepted the November race-week in Christchurch as their opening, and their arrival in that dull centre of

THE CLEVER FAMILY OF DION BOUCICAULT.



MASTER GEORGE BOUCICAULT.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS A BABY.



MISS EVA BOUCICAULT.

colonial life was heralded as an event. But with the return of Dion Boucicault to London the soul and spirit of the company became extinguished. The company that was is now known by another name. To the Colonials it will never be again what "Dot" did make it. As an actor, Dion Boucicault *fits* has capacity and the faculty which permits him to identify himself with all the minor—the more important, in the end—idiosyncrasies of the character which he is assuming, so that, sinking his individuality in his art, his study becomes the more absorbing since it reveals the innermost picture of the man, and not the plain and studied effect of the actor.

Friends of the son who knew the father are struck by the resemblance of the younger to the older man. It is not so much a physical likeness as a chance, an almost casual, trick of speech, or a picture which brings back the playwright to the man who finds some honour in having been the friend of both. In Dion Boucicault's brother, Aubrey, and in his sister, Miss Nina Boucicault, this projection of the father's personality is wanting; but in each there is the gentle, timid manner, the perfect voice and dignity, of the mother, the generous and impulsive nature of the father. It is indeed a family in which the lineal trace is evident. As to the father, his works are too well known to need recapitulation. They came at a moment when such plays were needed, and they lived. In these degenerate days truly a sign of quality and a fitting tribute to an able

man. His art was finite, but when he died his loss was infinite. There was a rugged charm in his character, and it expressed itself in his work. There was a completeness of vitality in his mental forces and a sense of humanity in his nature which enabled him to realise as his own much of the vitality of life. He was not a genius, but his work was admirable and achieved success. He died an old man, but to the end his ambition and his determination were alike vigorous.

Mrs. Boucicault, who is still with us, and is even known to the younger generation of playgoers, made her first appearance in London under the management of Charles Kean in "The Wife's Secret." She was the original Eily in "The Colleen Bawn," Zoe in "The Octoroon," and Moya in "The Shaughraun." In 1862 she played the part of Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian," at Astley's. For many years she was in America, reappearing in this country in "Beauty's Toils," at the Strand, in December 1893. She is frequently to be seen at first-nights, a tiny, white-haired old lady.

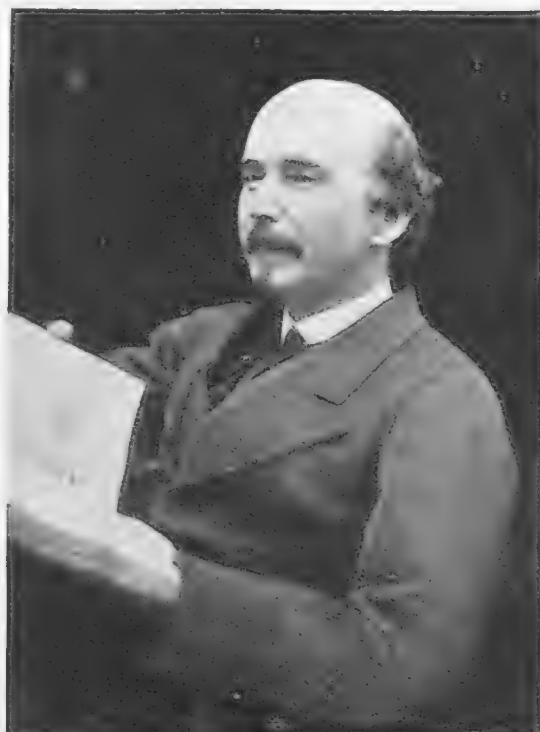
Her daughter Nina, who is now Sweet Lavender at Terry's (her picture in that part was given a few weeks back in these pages), recently married Mr. E. H. Kelly, who was so excellent in "Lord and Lady Algy." She appeared with Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt," and has been seen in many comedies since that time. The pictures on this page were taken long ago by Mr. Adolphe Beau, of Regent Street.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT.



MRS. BOUCICAULT.



MR. DION BOUCICAULT.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"SELAM."*

There is as much a fashion in countries as in hats. The new traveller, disdaining to be carted to lovely Lucerne and back for the ridiculous sum of five guineas, is as keen on exploiting the newest mode in travel as a costumier on the latest "dream" to be seen at Longchamps. The craze has made, or is seeking to make, the fortunes of Bosnia. Some of us, perchance, scarce knew more than the name of that country ten years ago. We understood, it may be, that it was a wonderful place next door to Herzegovina, and Herzegovina, we could swear, was somewhere near Bosnia. The wiser ones associated it with Bashi-Bazouks and awful slaughter. At a later date, Austria came upon the scene to enlighten our geographical ignorance. Bismarck tossed her the dry bones of a treaty, and she awoke one morning to find that not only had she Bosnia, but that Herzegovina was also an uncut gem in her diadem. Proud of her spoil, she took a long broom in her hand and began to sweep. She sent out one of the ablest of her sons, Baron de Kallay, and said to him, "Here is a nation of barbarians; go and make them civilised." For such a work Austria could have chosen no better man. It was quite true that the Bosnian did not want to be civilised. Like the gentleman who purchased a certain soap two years ago, "since when he had used no other," his ambition was neither for cleanliness nor godliness. For him the little joy of killing was a joy all-satisfying. Who was this stranger at whom it was dangerous to cast a stone? The builder of schools! The little Bosnian was not less averse from the innovation than his angry father. Railroads! What were railroads? But, above all, soap and water! The Bashi-Bazouk shivered, and called heaven to witness that the glory of his land had departed.

Baron de Kallay continued his mission dauntlessly, and when he had done much to teach Western Europe that this land existed not only in the geography-books, but also behind the mountains of Dalmatia, Cook and Son came along; and, having cast eyes upon the Baron's work, they found it to be good. It is true that you cannot go to Bosnia for five guineas second-class, but you can reach the country very easily *via* Vienna or Trieste; and when you are there, it will be odd if the charm of this near East, so sharp in contrast to all that the West has shown you, does not reward you for the venture. Even that impossible person, the old traveller, admits grudgingly that the bazaar at Serajevo has few rivals in any city of the truer East.

The mountain town of Jajce is a feast for the eyes even of the most jaded. The sportsman, weary of "slaughters," yet lacking the enterprise which sends the bolder few to Africa for their great game, may well plume himself when he hears of wolf and bear and chamois in abundance. For the mere idler there is scenery not unlike the Tyrol in its character. There are rugged limestone mountains, amazing caves; foaming rivers, unfished, yet glittering with trout; hotels which would shame many a Western city—above all, a people which retains enough of its primitive savagery to charm the observer, and to justify the book which a lady of Bosnia has sent to *The Sketch* this week.

"Selam; or, Sketches and Tales of Bosnian Life," is Frau Milena Mrazovic's title. She is a Bosnian lady, and she has lived among this strange people nearly all her life. I opened her book under the impression that action would be its note; perchance even that it would

outpace the more sanguinary novelists in its lust of blood and slaughter. So impossible is it for a Western mind to picture a Bashi-Bazouk in any other employment than that of Bashi-Bazouking. In this light the book was a great surprise to me. I read many pages, yet could discover no homicide, justifiable or unjustifiable. Households seemed strangely safe. The screams of abducted women did not break shrilly upon the night air. Gentlemen with seventeen pistols and a similar number of knives at their girdles were everywhere conspicuous by their absence. The persons of whom Frau Mrazovic speaks, "half devil, half child," they may be, nevertheless are singularly new. Indeed, it is not too much to

say that I, at least, remember no study of humanity of recent years which has revealed such fresh conceptions of the primitive things of life, or has permitted one to see the world with such a truly Eastern eye. Love is here, love and passion, and the elementary emotions—but the strangeness of it all! In the very first story, "Emin's Luck," my whole conceptions of a harem were shattered by a sentence. Here is a young man who stands at a street-corner gazing up at the shuttered windows of a harem. He is neither assaulted by eunuchs nor hanged upon hot hooks by a fiery and outraged patriarch. The charming Raifa, in gown of white silk, with long, flowing sleeves, her strings of ducats and of pearls braided in her dark hair, has but to appear upon the scene to suggest the very heart and core of Eastern romance. But how different from that romance we know! Patriarchs in Bosnia seem to take these things so calmly. The young woman has a lover. Very well. It is nonsense, of course, but the patriarch will light a pipe and think over it. He can take things more philosophically, perhaps, because in Bosnia it is so very easy to settle these matrimonial difficulties. You say to your wife, "Go," and she is your wife no more. Learned counsel, the waiter "who knew the gent," the proprietor of the hotel where they stayed—you don't want these people to rid you of your trouble. A word, and it is gone. You go out into the market-place and get a new wife. The lady goes off, and to-morrow morning she is the wife of your rival.

It would be impossible for me, however, to discuss in detail the exceedingly strange romances which are contained in "Selam." If their chief interest lies in the curious conceptions of life as they present it, it is none the less a real and vital interest. As the seasons pass, I cannot doubt that an increasing number of Englishmen will strike the route to Bosnia. To those of them who would know something more of the primitive people who

there will serve them, this book is indispensable. Frau Milena Mrazovic loves the simple souls of whom she writes. She loves those wild passes, this almost desolate land. If she, perhaps, is not as grateful as she should be to the Austrian who has washed her country, she is but echoing the sentiment of the nation for which she speaks—a nation which has found in her at all times a zealous and most able champion.

MAX PEMBERTON.

BROKEN VOWS.

FROM ASCLEPIADES.

Holy Night and Lamp of Love that above our spousal shone,
Whom in witness to the oath of our troth we took alone—
He that fervent to his faith until death he still would prove,
I that for him I would keep fresh and deep my maiden love;
Now he saith, O Lamp, that on water wan such vows we write,
And with other arms around him thou hast found him false to-night.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



FRAU MILENA MRZOVIC.

Photo by Pictner, Vienna.

* "Selam; or, Sketches and Tales of Bosnian Life," By Milena Mrazovic. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. London: Jarrold and Sons.

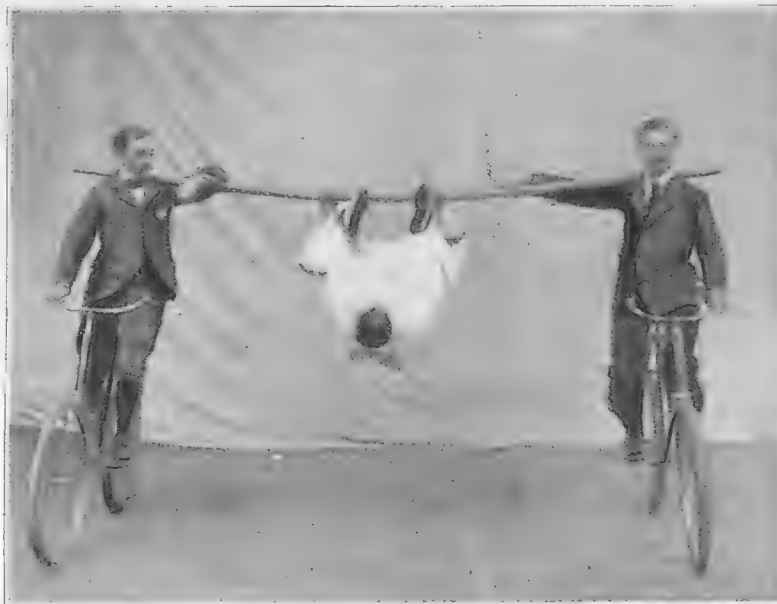


THE EARL OF CREWE WILL MARRY LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO-MORROW.

Robert Osley Ashburton Crewe-Milnes, first Earl of Crewe, is the son of Richard Monckton Milnes, a notable literary gossip of his day, and the friend of Keats. Monckton Milnes was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton in 1869. His son succeeded in 1885, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1892 to 1895, assumed the additional surname of Crewe in 1894, and in 1897 was created Earl of Crewe. Lord Crewe's first wife, Miss Marcia Graham, died in 1887, leaving three daughters, the eldest of whom was born on Aug. 31, 1881. Lady Peggy Primrose (the second daughter of Lord Rosebery), whom he marries to-morrow, was born on Jan. 1, 1881. The portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE MAKING OF A MICROSCOPE.

"The Microscope: Its History, Construction, and Application," by Jabez Hogg (Routledge and Sons), has reached its fifteenth edition, and little wonder, for the microscope has really made modern natural science. Both in this country and on the Continent the most famous mathematicians and opticians have devoted years of their lives to the elaboration and perfection of the instrument through which so much has been done—the microscope. Even thirty years ago it was looked upon more or less as a scientific toy, whereas to-day it is a necessary part of the armament of every one who seeks to devote his time to the study of the problems of natural science. And as these problems have become deeper, the microscope has had to keep pace with the demands upon it. To-day it may be regarded as practically perfect and complete, unless some new substances can be discovered whose magnifying and resolving powers are markedly in excess of those of glass. Like all great instruments, its invention has been the work of many. In its simplest form there is no doubt that it was first used by Robert Hooke, the greatest physical mechanician which England, or perhaps the world, has produced. Still, a long time after Hooke, excellent work was done by simple magnifying-glasses. In the little town of Delft, in the seventeenth century, Anton von Leeuwenhoek, giving up a position as clerk in a linen-factory, turned his attention to the preparation of lenses, and, with his own hands, he succeeded in making glasses having a magnifying power of as much as one hundred and sixty linear diameters. Armed with this instrument, he surprised the world by his epoch-making discoveries, which lasted for about half-a-century. He turned his lenses on to the fluids of the body, and saw the red blood-corpuscles, and in water, milk, and putrid fluids he observed, described, and figured with extraordinary accuracy all the different forms of bacteria which are known at the present day. Other observers less experienced and less skilled failed to confirm his work for many years—not, in fact, till the microscope had been very much perfected, and the simple lens had been replaced by complex systems of combination glasses. Perhaps the greatest advances were made by Joseph Jackson Lister, the father of Lord Lister. He it was who saw clearly the main defects of the earlier microscopes, and overcame them by his genius and his extraordinary persistence. The last great epoch in microscope-making has been brought about by the optical researches of Professor Abbé, of Jena, and now the present perfect instrument is in the hands of everyone at a moderate price. Microscopes are made in large numbers in all the great cities of the world. Perhaps the most famous factory is that of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, whose instruments are known wherever the microscope is used. In such factories highly complex machines have been introduced by which the amount of mechanical labour is reduced to a minimum. From Jena, too, comes the glass from which most other manufacturers grind their lenses. That immense amount of work and time has been expended on the production of suitable kinds is shown by the fact that over three hundred different varieties of glass are made in the



Jena factory. For the higher powers required by modern bacteriological microscopes the greatest care and mathematical accuracy has to be observed, and the work is done by hand. Magnifications of four and five thousand diameters have been obtained, and even this has scarcely been found sufficient to see some of the smallest living objects. Dr. Jabez Hogg has given us a great work, the result of years of laborious investigation, but we can scarcely overlook the fact that applied microscopy has advanced to such an extent that, in its many departments, it can be studied, even in an elementary way, only in special books; still, for the amateur, his book will be found of absorbing interest. The best part of the work is undoubtedly that which deals with the theory of the microscope and its construction. From the extent of the subject, the part on applied microscopy is short, but the work is well illustrated by over nine hundred plates, the vast majority of them being of great excellence.

TRICK CYCLISTS.

Have you been to Porchester Hall, Pickering Place, Bayswater? There, during the monthly gymkhanas, to which admittance can be obtained gratis by applying for a free ticket to the manager, many graceful evolutions, such as dancing the Lancers a wheel and plaiting the May-pole, are executed by Goy's lady pupils, and dashing riders over whose heads at least seven long years have passed perform surprising feats with ease and dexterity. There also it was that, during the last entertainment, the gentleman in the motley, who, you can perceive, is not quite so foolish as he looks, surrendered himself to the spirit of the occasion and to the kind offices of his intrepid supporters. His gymnastics reversed in several ways the usual order of things, for such work would not generally be considered agreeable when attempted on a swaying pole whose extreme ends are but supported on the shoulders of two swiftly moving cyclists. Things must verily bear an unusually topsy-turvy aspect to the bold individual who in such a case relies on strength of ankle and feet to retain somewhat unusual positions. The most difficult of his feats is that where he holds the bar by both hands and feet, for the cramped body-position tells severely on the muscles.

His supporters have also no easy task, nor is their aid rendered quite without corresponding responsibility, for, in case of accident, their fall, like Wolsey's, would have far-reaching consequences. The couple in question are, of course, very expert riders, and well able to take care of themselves. When rounding corners, the inner cyclist is, perforce, obliged to slow down considerably to enable his colleague to swing round the longer circle he is obliged, under the circumstances, to take. Under all conditions, they must move in perfect accord, and supplement in every way each other's efforts. To see the easy manner in which they negotiate all difficulties, and the nonchalance with which Mr. Clown executes his movements on the swaying and moving bar, might lead the ignorant and inexperienced in such matters to a false conclusion and to a resolve to try that sincerest form of flattery, imitation. This would most likely have a disastrous termination.





"THE MUSKETEERS," AS PLAYED IN NEW YORK.

This photograph, by Mr. Joseph Byron, of New York, shows what the camera can do on the stage.

A GREEK CHARIOTEER—IN BLOOMSBURY.

The latest important addition to our matchless galleries of ancient Greek sculpture at the British Museum is, to quote the inscription on the pedestal, a "Cast of Bronze Charioteer at Delphi [482-472 B.C.]."



A CHARIOTEER IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM.

Presented by the French Minister of Public Instruction, 1898." This cast, it is at the particular moment pleasant to record, is, by the special courtesy of our neighbours across the Channel, the first reproduction of the statue which has been granted to any foreign museum. The original was discovered in May 1896, in the course of excavations at Delphi undertaken by the French authorities and prosecuted under the able superintendence of M. Théophile Homolle, Principal of the École d'Athènes. In virtue of this discovery, the Delphians assert that they are now on a par with the Olympians, and possess, as the latter do in their Praxitelean Hermes, a priceless and unique masterpiece which the whole civilised world is bound to go and see. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that it is a work of foremost beauty and significance, and few amateurs of the antique will fail to enter into the feelings with which M. Homolle tells us he and his excavating party dug it from its hiding-place in the Delphian soil. A legend says that on the very day of the Greek victory over the Persians at Salamis, the Carthaginians were no less crushingly defeated by the Greeks of Sicily. The spoils there taken were enormous, and a full share of offerings was naturally sent to the national god at Delphi. Gelon, the founder of the Syracusan dynasty, and his brothers Hiero, Polyzelos, and Thrasybulus, were conspicuous by the magnificence of their tribute, part of which, we may imagine (in memory of some previous Syracusan success in the Pythian hippodrome), was formed by the chariot-group to which this figure belonged. The group itself was destroyed, at the beginning of the fourth century before our era, by the great earthquake which overthrew the Temple of

the Alcmeonides. Struck by the stones which rolled down from the top of the cliffs, the figures were broken, the chariot shattered, the horses reduced to fragments, and the base itself dislocated. Such of the remains as were left at the surface of the soil, damaged past hope of repair, were thrown into the melting-pot or rejected as rubbish. The rest reposed tranquilly under the earth and the rocks which had buried them, and even the memory of them perished.

No ancient author has described or spoken of the chariot group in question. This double covering of soil and of silence has, as it were by miracle, preserved up to our own days the admirable charioteer-figure of which is here given the "picture in little." There had been for the excavators a week or so of intense and unfulfilled expectancy before at length the *dissecta membra* of our chariot-driver returned beneath the action of the busy spades to the light which they had for so many centuries renounced, and were adjusted once again into a unity living and breathing with the life and breath of Greek art on the verge of its culmination in the hands and under the influence of Phidias. Who could describe the feelings with which its discoverers beheld it slowly washed free of its enveloping mud-case, revealing successively, as it did in the process, the noble drapery of long, symmetrical folds, the feet of an absolute natural truth, the arm of marvellously exact and unexaggerated force, the features of youthful, smiling, and serious grace? In the neighbourhood of the principal figure, M. Homolle tells us, there were further disinterred fragments belonging to the accessories of the group: a right hand still holding the reins, the pole of the chariot, two legs and a hoof of one of the horses, an arm of a female figure (probably a Victory such as we see on coins holding a palm-branch, a wreath, or a fillet), and, finally, one of the slabs which formed the plinth, with the remains of an inscription in Syracusan letters, and the name of Polyzelos, the dedicator of the gift.

For a time the hope was entertained that the entire composition might be recovered; but the discoveries stopped short, and nothing further was found. Little enough, we may feel inclined to say, in comparison with what remains lost; too little to enable us to imagine with any degree of certitude the lines of the complete work. The best critics seem to be pretty well agreed as to our charioteer's being the work of an Attic artist, and M. Pottier confesses the wish to go a step further, and attribute it to Calamis. On this point, M. Homolle, who sympathises fully in his friend's wish, advises caution. Calamis, we may say, lived at the date to which the work is assigned, he excelled in the representation of horses, he was fond of executing two-horsed and four-horsed chariots, he had worked for Hiero on a group analogous to the one we are here concerned with. These, doubtless, are indications favourable to the assumption that the new-found Bronze came from his hand; but they cannot be regarded as decisive arguments.

RACINE DIED TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Jean Racine died, in the sixtieth year of his age, on April 21, 1699. It was in his hands that the French Classic Drama reached its true perfection, and became a work of consummate and monumental art. The three most saliently individual and self-justifying forms of extant drama (leaving aside the Wagnerian music-drama) are the Athenian, the Elizabethan, and the French Classic. Each had its own peculiar and clearly discerned ideal; each had its own special adjustment of balance between the Bacchic and Apollonic elements of creative frenzy and restraining wisdom; and each produced its imperishable masterpieces. These great types have been left by the tide of time standing as landmarks in the history of art, as objects of veneration and enjoyment, but serving no longer as working-models except at their modern imitator's own risk of producing works which, however admirable as purely literary performances, must fail to exhibit any of the vital signs of native and necessary impulse. And this is a risk such as only dramatic genius of the highest kind could afford to disregard. Our own dramatic development is so abundantly rich that we could afford to recognise more warmly than we do the merits of a form whose very *raison d'être* would almost seem to be to unconsciously supplement our own by setting in chief prominence those dramatic constituents which, in view of our own ideal, it was our business to practically disregard. It was the privilege of Greek art alone (except in "far between" and isolated instances) to strike the unerring balance between form and matter. In this connection it will not be out of place to refer to one of the profoundest and most original of modern writers on Greek tragedy, Friedrich Nietzsche, namely, who from his nationality will not be suspected of any undue partiality for the French muse in general, or in particular for so notably un-German a tragic type as that of which Racine's productions are the highest embodiment. It is in one of his earlier books, "*Menschliches, Allzumenschliches*" (1878), that Nietzsche speaks of the strict restraint which the French dramatists imposed upon themselves with respect to the unities of action, place and time, to style, to form of verse and build of sentence, to choice of words and thoughts, as being no less important a schooling than that of counterpoint and fugue in the development of modern music. He recommends us only to read from time to time Voltaire's "*Mahomet*" in order to become perfectly clear as to the loss inflicted once for all upon European culture by the break with the traditions of French tragedy.

Voltaire was the last of the great dramatists who, with all his many-sidedness and all his capacity for powerful tragic feeling, subjected himself to the influence of Greek moderation. In this book Nietzsche seems to me to have clearly indicated one of the most significant aspects of French tragedy, as well as Voltaire's position in the development of it. Coming after Corneille and Racine, Voltaire in most constructive essentials can hardly be counted inferior to either, though, if judged on purely poetic grounds, his inequality with them is manifest. Still, if his verse lacks the heroic and ethic fulness of the former's and the combined solidity and *mollesse* of the latter's, it has qualities of its own which make it a perfectly adequate vehicle for the expression of those genuinely tragic passions which, in his best efforts, he is able to set in motion and conduct to their *dénouement* with a master-hand. I am the more inclined to lay stress upon this estimate of Voltaire's tragic productions inasmuch as, on this side of the Channel, their claims are scarcely held to be serious. I noted recently in one of our most widely read and most frequently quoted histories of French literature, for instance, that

such a masterpiece of severe form and pregnant passion as Voltaire's "*Mérope*" is dismissed in a single phrase as being nothing more than "a prodigy of ingenuity." The author of this same book, at the conclusion of his comparison between Shakspeare and Racine, tells us that no one can doubt that, if Shakspeare had chosen (the italics are mine) to adopt the style, and had accepted the censorship of a Boileau, he could easily have written "*Phèdre*"—a statement only a degree less misleading than if he had attributed to Shakspeare the easy ability, at choice, to have written the Sophoclean "*Œdipus Tyrannus*." M. Émile Deschanel, in his elaborate and suggestive study of Racine, leads his comparison of the two dramatists to a sounder and more fruitful conclusion: "Contemporary truth, historic truth, human truth, are the three degrees of profundity in the work of Racine as in the work of Shakspeare."

For the accompanying portrait of Racine my thanks are due to the courtesy of the authorities at the South Kensington Museum. The miniature forms part of the "Jones Bequest" to that institution, and has, so far as I can ascertain, never before been reproduced.



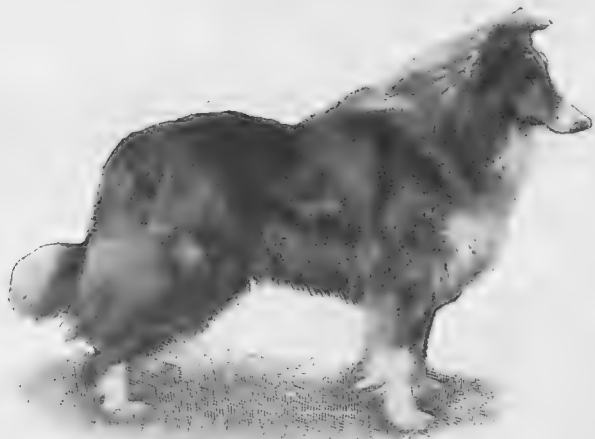
JEAN RACINE.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN CRITIC (*visiting an eminent English Painter prior to the Academy*): I am so delighted to meet you!
I do so like beasts!

SOME FAMOUS COLLIES.



ORMSKIRK CORNISHMAN.
Photo by Wragg, Ormskirk.



SOWERBY SQUIRE.
Photo by Wragg, Ormskirk.

Never since the memorable time when Champion Ormskirk Emerald and Champion Southport Perfection passed from the kennels of their breeder, Mr. T. H. Stretch, to those of Mr. A. H. Megson at Sale Priory, near Manchester, for a sum actually exceeding £2000, has there been such a "boom" in this breed as at the present time. Young as is this year of 1899, it has seen two sent from the Ormskirk Kennels to America, and one to South Africa, all fetching prices which, though by no means equalling that paid for the two dogs of fame I have mentioned, would have made breeders of fifty years ago sit up with astonishment, and with delight as well, if they had been the lucky owners.

Ormskirk Galopin and Ormskirk Connie are a lovely pair, and should do much to improve the breed on the other side of the Atlantic. Galopin is by Ormskirk Emerald ex Ormskirk Memoir. He is a large sable-and-white dog, weighing 70 lb. He has a good wedge-shaped head, 11½ in. in length, and very fine and tapering in the muzzle; he has beautiful eyes and a charming expression; his ears (that much-discussed point during the last few weeks) are well set and correctly carried. His neck and shoulders are perfect; he has a capitally shaped body, good legs and feet, and a long brush. His coat is of the most approved collie type, and he has a magnificent frill and cape. Many judges of the breed affirm that when he comes to his full perfection he will be the equal of his world-famed sire. At present he is not quite three years old, but, young as he is, he has already proved himself to be the sire of at least a dozen noted prize-winners.

Ormskirk Cornishman (the sire of the expatriated Connie) is one of Mr. Stretch's well-known stud-dogs. He is another of the beautiful sable-and-white dogs, this being the favourite colouring at the present time, though her Majesty, who for more than half-a-century has been a fancier and breeder of collies, still retains a penchant for tri-colours. He has a lovely head, and his ears and eyes are good and well placed; he has also a grand body, legs, feet, and brush, and a tremendously heavy coat. He is by Heather Ralph, out of Fairvale Queen, who, by the way, is a daughter of Champion Southport Perfection.

Sowerby Squire, another of the Ormskirk stud-dogs, is a lovely light golden-sable, with a very full white collar, blaze, tip, breast, and legs, a combination of colouring as showy as it is beautiful. His show-bench career has been a most brilliantly successful one. He is the winner of over fifty firsts and specials, including on many occasions that for the best collie in the show. He also is a young dog, just over three years old.

His sire and dam are Finsbury Pilot and Sowerby Model. At the recent Collie Club Show, held in the Crystal Palace, the Ormskirk kennels had five representatives, all important prize-winners, and all bearing the honoured prefix.

Another successful breeder and exhibitor of collies is the Rev. Hans Hamilton, of Woodmansterne, Epsom, who had no less than seven entries for this show. One of these, Woodmansterne Tartan, took first honours in the open and limit classes for rough-coated dogs, also the championship and the sixty-guinea trophy; his owner, who is the President of the Collie Club, was heartily congratulated, and the more so in that he is the breeder as well as the owner of the dog. Woodmansterne Tartan is also a sable-and-white, by Champion Rightaway ex Woodmansterne Lassie.

Another who has changed owners at a cost of several hundreds still more recently is Champion Wellesbourne Fame, who, though still a puppy, is entitled to the coveted prefix, having at Cruft's in February taken her third championship; she is the winner of fourteen firsts and seven championships, and was bred by the Countess of Warwick, who is, I hear, giving up all her collies and going in for toy bulldogs. Champion Wellesbourne Fame was purchased from Lady Warwick by Mr. W. H. Charles, a well-known member of the Collie Club, and from him by Mr. Panmure Gordon.

I have mentioned her Majesty as one of the first, as she is the most exalted, of collie fanciers. Her love for them is so great that Roy, a handsome sable-and-white dog, invariably accompanies his royal mistress every year when she goes to the South, as well as some of her Majesty's other special favourites, the toy Pomeranians and the donkey Jacko.

The name of the Princess of Wales, who is a member of the Kennel Club, heads the list of exhibitors of collies in the "Kennel Directory."



ORMSKIRK GALOPIN.
Photo by Wragg, Ormskirk.



MR. W. H. CHARLES'S COLLIE, WELLESBOURNE FAME.



REV. HANS HAMILTON'S COLLIE, WOODMANSTERNE TARTAN.

CHRIST IN ART.

What a wonderful fascination the portraiture of Our Saviour has always had for artists! On this page I reproduce one of the earliest and one of the latest pictures of Christ. That on the medal has a curious history. In the year 1897, M. Boyer d'Agen, happening to attend the Jews' market in the Campo dei Fiori at Rome, picked up for the sum of a penny a medal which showed on one side a profile of Christ, on the other certain Hebrew characters. He, in the casual human way of us all, fixed it to his watch-chain, and, though delighted with his treasure, thought no more of it until it caught the eye of M. André Falize, who instantly recognised not so much the medal itself as the uniqueness and rarity of it. "I think," said M. Falize, "that you have there a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind," and he offered to have reproductions of it made in order that the expert opinion of scientific numismatists might be obtained. M. Boyer d'Agen naturally accepted so kind an offer, but the results of inquiry and search were not altogether satisfactory. A variety of theories were put forward, but all agreed in this, that it was an antique medal, though how antique could not be determined. As the evidence came to be sifted, however, that antiquity retired and retired backwards until now M. Boyer d'Agen seems really to hold that it reaches the period known, in Macaulay's phrase, as the "twilight of fable." He is inclined to think that it belongs to the very beginnings of the Christian era, although his suggestion that the *aleph* of the Hebrew inscription signified the first year of that era somewhat overreaches itself, for, of course, according to our present chronology, Christ died in the thirty-third year of our reckoning. M. Boyer d'Agen's confidence again in the famous letter of Lentulus describing the personal appearance of Christ is surely too much of a claim upon credulity. He says, complacently

enough, that one has to deny its authenticity if its importance is to be negatived; but that is no more than to say that you must deny the existence of Julius Cæsar if you desire to show that he has had no influence upon subsequent European legislation. For, in fact,

all scholars are agreed that, though the letter occurs in Josephus, it is a spurious one, and was inserted by some too zealous and too imaginative copyist in the historian's great work. In a word, although all the proofs brought forward to demonstrate that here we have a true and original image of Christ, wrought at the suggestion of those who had had a face-to-face knowledge, have practically no commanding persuasions, either historically or logically, yet we undoubtedly have here a genuine antique, perpetuating a great tradition. And one would not for the world disturb M. Boyer d'Agen's belief that this was one of the very "signs" passed from hand to hand among the first Christians as a token of their common faith.

The second picture of Christ is a very modern product. It is the work of a Dane, Joachim Skovgaard, who may be called the Scandinavian Burne-Jones. With the Pre-Raphaelites, he maintains that executive handicraft is within the province of an artist; he longs to popularise art. He says with Mr. William Morris, "I do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few, or freedom for a few." Joachim Skovgaard was born in 1856, in Copenhagen. His

father was an eminent landscape-painter, and from him he inherited his great love of art. "Christ in Hell" was regarded as the picture of the Free Exhibition at Copenhagen in 1893. The powerful composition of the work and the exquisite foreground figure of Eve go to prove that it is a work of great distinction.



CHRIST ON A HEBREW MEDAL.

Reproduced by permission of M. Falize, of Paris.



CHRIST IN HELL.—BY JOACHIM SKOVGAARD.



[Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.]

MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD

AS ANNE OF AUSTRIA IN "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Miss Geneviève Ward is one of the few grand dames left to the English stage. Her father was Colonel Samuel Ward, of the United States Army; her maternal grandfather was Gideon Lee, once Mayor of New York. She began her career as an opera-singer, and made her first appearance at a Philharmonic Concert in 1861.



[Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.]

MISS GENEVIÈVE WARD

AS VOLUMNIA IN MR. F. R. BENSON'S REVIVAL OF "CORIOLANUS."

She began her career as an actress in 1873, when she appeared at Manchester as Lady Macbeth, and afterwards as Constance in "King John." She made her first great "hit" in "Forget-Me-Not," which she has played over two thousand times in all parts of the world. She has married a Russian, Count de Guerbel, under thrilling circumstances which most people know. She is a total abstainer.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The first acknowledgment that should be made about Mr. Le Gallienne's new book, "Young Lives" (Arrowsmith), is that it is quite inoffensive. The acknowledgment may not be very welcome to him or his admirers, but it is not a small one, for to overcome a tendency to bad taste is a very difficult achievement indeed. The book may lack whatever brilliancy was in "The Golden Girl," but it is pleasant and amiable and fresh. It is in no way remarkable, but I am sure it is a very truthful presentment of life in a provincial town among a circle of obscure and eager and ambitious young people—boys and girls who read Keats and Shelley and Rossetti together with rapture, copy out inspiring passages from these for each other's comfort and inspiration, dote on all the pictures within their reach, catch the glamour of the stage, and dream of London as of some golden city whose streets they yet shall tread as famous and brilliant men and women. A writer with a tenth of Mr. Le Gallienne's ability could have written the story; but it is given to few to remember youth with such tenderness and loyalty, without the faintest tinge of cynicism or condescension.

Mr. Hornung has worked with a light hand in "The Amateur Cracksman" (Heinemann), a capital series of stories, akin to the popular detective romance, but with the criminal, not the detective, as hero—though Scotland Yard shows up all right in the end. The gentleman burglar has appeared before in fiction, but never so successfully. He has generally been given fine Robin Hood communistic ideas about property, or he is represented with an interesting broken heart, with soulful eyes, an invalid mother to support, and no bump of criminality at all. Mr. Hornung knows better. His hero, Raffles, plays at burgling as another man might at cards, for money, when he is hard up, and plays to win. His outside to the world is somewhat æsthetic. In his room are reproductions of "Love and Death" and "The Blessed Damsel." But it is still more æsthetic. He is a famous cricketer, though cricket is not the end of life to him. "Cricket," says Raffles, "like everything else, is good enough sport until you discover a better. . . . What's the satisfaction of taking a man's wicket when you want his spoons?" But, of course, he went for higher game than spoons—diamonds and suchlike, and when Scotland Yard put its spoke in his wheel he was just on the eve of a haul that would have enabled him to settle down in respectable comfort, if his active brain would have allowed him. Mr. Hornung has made his stories far too entertaining. Blameless old gentlemen and retiring spinsters will find themselves incited by its perusal to plan the best methods of burglarious entry into their neighbours' houses in felonious search of articles which they would not take as a gift. They will wake from their inventive dreams with a start of apprehension, remembering that the detective wins in the end.

A faulty and interesting story, with a good deal of solid and lasting entertainment for the reader, is Mr. S. R. Lysaght's "One of the Grenvilles" (Macmillan). Mr. Lysaght writes well. He gives you the sense that he is a man of culture and a student of human nature, and he is certainly in no small degree a humorist. About his hero he makes mistakes. A descendant of the famous Grenvilles, the young man has, of course, to be valiant exceedingly, and he is endowed with bravery enough to distinguish himself in Egypt, and with patience to endure his long, cruel imprisonment by the Khalifa without losing his sanity. He has good looks, and brains also. In short, Mr. Lysaght plainly thought Martin Grenville was in danger of becoming one of those stainless waxen puppets of fiction that readers after their teens cannot away with. So he sets about trying to disimprove him, makes a mess of it, and in the end we care a great deal less about the heir of all the Grenvilles than about anyone else in the book. There are compensations. There is a fresh, bright, fascinating, worldly English girl whom all susceptible readers will fall in love with. There is a capital good fellow, an idle and most virtuous vagabond, with a great deal of mundane wisdom in him, and an inveterate dislike of walls and roofs. There are seafaring folks with a real salt flavour, a delightfully fatuous egoist, and a charming woman with a shaky reputation and a most lovable nature. The inspiration of the book is clearly Meredithian; but, if Mr. Lysaght sometimes adapts a suggestion, he quickly makes it his own. He writes too little. His "Marplot" was good, and this book is in many ways better.

That industrious and lively writer, Mrs. B. M. Croker, is at her liveliest in "Infatuation" (Chatto and Windus). It fulfils all the requirements of the pleasant and popular novel; and a literary conscience, as well as a desire to please, is visible in the general workmanship, and especially in the characterisation. The American spoilt child of fortune, who remains fascinating and generous in spite of every opportunity of growing intolerable, and the vigorously disagreeable old Englishwoman, the terror of hotels and the tyrant of her companion niece, are types we have met before, but rarely drawn so exactly to the life. "Infatuation" is over-strong a title. The heroine is only subject to a rather lengthy illusion concerning a worthless former lover; but Mrs. Croker writes to please and amuse, and will not allow her martyrdom to last to the end. She has made one dangerous statement. The hero is a literary man who has had a great play in his mind for years. It never comes off, as he has to write leading articles and other pot-boilers. If only he had wealth and silence and sunshine and leisure, the world would see something, he thinks. Well, he gets wealth and silence and sunshine and leisure—and he writes the great play! Only the outsiders will believe it. But, no doubt, it is a good thing that the outsiders should believe it.

o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The great Rational Dress Question has again awakened our leading journals to ponderous jocosity. The landlady who recently repelled a lady of title clad in bifurcateds to the bar-parlour was raising a problem not only of law, but of manners and social fitness. Nor is the problem one so easy to solve. The landlady said, and said truly, that, if she admitted one "rational" dress to her coffee-room, all "rationals" must follow, and certain female cyclists were capable of coming in "skin-tights," which would be clearly inadmissible. She drew the line at the parting of the skirts. And yet the divided garb is not necessarily unbecoming or immodest; and a lady of high standing and unblemished character should surely not be relegated to the dreary beeriness of a bar-parlour. Where is fitness? Who shall lay down the right law on the question of the twofold garment?

There be those that bifurcate for convenience, or for principle, or, finally, to be conspicuous. A lady who assumes the knicker for ease in exercise, whether cycling or climbing, has every right to go where she will—provided that she has a valid athletic excuse for her garb. For the "rational" garb is woman's athletic dress, just as "evening-dress" is woman's uniform for social conquest. To go abroad in knickers without the excuse of bodily exercise that needs freedom is as unfit as to be seen in the forenoon in a low-necked dress. And the inference to be drawn from either as to the character of the wearer would be necessarily derogatory, were it not for the fact that certain female reformers assume a masculine garb to assert their principles. I have not heard of anyone passing the day in evening-dress from a motive of principle. I do not say that it might not be done from that motive. Some of our own social philosophers in the beginning of the century were supposed to have an hour of nudity, in order to demonstrate to their own minds (not, of course, in public) their sense of the pitiable artificiality of clothes and society generally. Still, the social reformer is more likely to abbreviate beneath than above, and more given to accentuate the inadequacy of her calves than to look like Venus rising out of the foamy lace of a ridiculous bodice which should be taken up at once for being without visible means of support.

The baser sort, that wear "rationals" to advertise themselves, are, or were, commoner in France than here, if French papers are to be trusted; but, then, they are not. France is not much, if at all, more immoral than England, taking the word in its true sense. But France has a hypocrisy of vice as England of virtue. French hypocrisy is the homage virtue pays to vice. Therefore, I refuse to believe in the existence of all those seductive lady bicyclists without bicycles that French illustrated papers present to us. There may be two or three of the type; the papers do the rest. The incessant perpetuation of a single corrupt type in the journals of a nation is not necessarily a mark of decadence; it may even be a proof of a sturdy but narrow virtue on the part of those who draw and describe it; for a thoroughly virtuous artist, having once caught up an immoral type, can repeat it for ever—and probably will. The vicious artist is too familiar with plenty of such types to think them worth reproducing. Probably he will drift into religious art, simply because that is the thing that is strangest and newest to him. We know what happened to the heroes of M. Huysmans.

France, doubtless, has her women who protest by clothing, like our own country. But, speaking broadly, we may take it that, apart from questions of convenience, the "rationally" dressed of England are so from principle; the similarly attired of France rather for lack of principle. Knickers are a means of advertisement in each case, but the advertisement is for different ends. In either case, too, the advertisement is a pretence. "Rational" dress doesn't prove anything, or advance social progress one half-inch. Nor is the bifurcated garb really capable of much immoral suggestiveness. It reveals in the wrong way. The attraction of the sexes is born of diversity. The charm of the "rationally" dressed woman is one of oddness, not of beauty. It is the perverse delight of remembering that an apparently lumpy, long-haired boy is really a charming woman. But of genuine fascination there is naught in all the knickers that were ever tailor-made. All true attraction lies in mystery and suggestion. The half-seen and half-guessed is what stimulates imagination, whether to poetry or to baser dreamings.

The Rational Dress problem, then, is not, strictly speaking, a problem at all. It has no general solution, but a host of individual answers. There are a few situations in which utility is everything and beauty can be neglected. In those any woman who needs may well don the bifurcated. Apart from such necessity, the question is one of æsthetics, or of utility complicated with æsthetics. Let no woman rush into a display of woollen stockings till she can fill them creditably. Let no woman at all inclined to be stout don the knickers. But for the swift and slim Atalanta type, "rationals" and the bicycle are clearly indicated. Such a maiden is boy-like, free from sentiment, late to love. And the garb of boyhood sits well on her.

It is absurd to say that "rational" dress is indecent. On the contrary, it either accentuates the masculine element in a woman or disguises her feminine charms. And whether it conceals or exhibits, it is totally without suggestion, bad or good. Which is why the French think they borrowed it from us.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The decorations of St. Paul's still continue to provoke excited discussion, in which it seems to be really almost a question of Mr. Stillman *contra mundum*. In most of the responsible daily and weekly papers he has been prominent in his defence of Sir William Richmond. The worst of it is that Mr. Stillman seems to think that there is a sort of dead-set against the artist rather than against the work. He might at least give his fellow-creatures more credit for worthy motives now and then. He vehemently defends Sir W. Richmond's work on the grounds that that artist has the reputation of having decorative accomplishments unequalled by those of any other Englishman. At all events, says Mr. Stillman, let us in fairness wait until the scaffolding is removed; reserve your judgment, good friends, be not too hasty; wait till the work is finished before you make your outcry. Which is much the same as to say—wait till the burglars are out of the house, and give them a good quarter of an hour's start before you call for the police.

In truth, I fear that Sir William Richmond will not have reason for much self-congratulation on his eager defender. For, at this point in the controversy, up springs one sharper than his fellows, and blandly inquires if Mr. Stillman has himself seen the famous mosaics. To this Mr. Stillman makes the somewhat wild reply that he has seen nearly all the church-decorations now to be found in Italy, and that he has been writing on artistic matters for quite a great number of years. Moreover, he repeats, let us be fair and wait till the scaffolding is removed. But, persists the man of controversy, have you seen these decorations with your own eyes? Mr. Stillman here acknowledges that he has not seen them; but remember that scaffolding. Nay, replies the other, but the scaffolding is no longer in the choir and in the two unveiled quarter-domes. So here Sir William Richmond finds that the ardent champion of his art is one who has not yet seen the decoration in question, and who supposed that there was scaffolding in places where none is. In the concluding words of Mr. Stillman's very smart opponent, "I am afraid Mr. Stillman by his letters has done Sir William Richmond a great deal of harm."

Meanwhile, it is to be noted that many persons of authority and distinction, including the President of the Royal Academy, Lord Windsor, and Lord Stanhope, have shaped a sound and persuasive proposition for the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to consider carefully. It is that they should take expert advice from the Royal Academy, the Institute of British Architects, and other quarters where such advice would be valuable, as to whether the stencilling in red paint of the principal mouldings and cornices under the dome and the black lettering on the frieze are a

form of decoration likely to impair the chief architectural features of the structure as originally conceived and carried out by Sir Christopher Wren. There cannot, as a matter of fact, be the smallest doubt that the stencilling and red-lettering have been received with a general chorus of disapprobation, and it seems a singular barbarity that all independent opinion worth the smallest coin in the realm should have to stand

helplessly by while red paint works its disastrous havoc in one of our greatest national monuments. Mr. Stillman, by the way, confesses to it that he has an intense dislike for St. Paul's. May one dare to think that his championship of the decoration has some subtle connection with that dislike? In which case, would it not be fairer to let the matter rest with the judgments of those who have no cause to confess to a like prejudice against Wren's magnificent work?



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND.
From a Miniature by Miss Amalia Küssner.

The art of the silhouette has become so popular in recent days that the extraordinary ingenuity of Miss Ruby Williams's "Study in the Art of Silhouette," reproduced herewith, comes scarcely as a surprise. She reverses the customary ideal, of placing the black upon the white, by setting the white figures against a black background. I may point out also that her extremely clever effects are not the legitimate effects of the pure silhouette, which knows no tone or gradation in the shadows. If one allows the idea of the white shadow instead of the black, it must then still be maintained that neither shadow nor tone shall have gradation. But Miss Williams, in these exquisitely drawn, dainty figures of ballet-dancers, steals part of her effectiveness from such gradation, if not precisely in shadow, at all events in tone. The line of frock about the neck and the line of the hair upon the forehead are both distinctly marked by a difference in the white. And that is clearly a lapse from the central idea of the silhouette—I may even call it, the essential idea. Still, there is no denying the charm and the wonderful elegance of Miss Williams's "Study."

And of miniatures the cry is, "Still they come." Here is a charming one by Miss Amalia Küssner of Lady Naylor-Leyland. A good miniature is like a good wine—it improves with the keeping; and this is one with more than merely temporary qualities: it will stand the keeping.

The artist who painted the picture of "Roy," reproduced in these pages on the 5th inst., should have been given as Miss (not Mr.) E. Thornton-Clarke, A.M.R.C.A., M.S.M. She is the granddaughter of the Rev. Sir Charles James Clifton, Bart., and has painted the daughter-in-law of Sir W. Broadbent for the forthcoming Academy.



A STUDY IN THE ART OF SILHOUETTE.—BY MISS RUBY WILLIAMS, OF PARIS.

GREAT CHESS TOURNAMENT BETWEEN AMERICAN AND ENGLISH UNDERGRADUATES.

The first of what Americans hope will be a long series of contests between the Universities of Great Britain and the United States will be the Inter-University Cable Chess Match arranged for Friday and Saturday of this week. The British team will represent the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the American players representing the Universities of Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton.

Chess has a firmer hold in England than it has in America, there being twice as many chess clubs in London as there are in the whole United States. The British Metropolis has more than four hundred organisations devoted to the game, while the United States supports only about two hundred. In the British Universities there is the same preponderance of chess talent. With all this difference in training for the game among the students of the two countries, the Americans enter

New York City Chess Club, 156, Second Avenue. The large hall of the Café will be given up to the players and spectators. Telegraph-instruments, with direct wires to the cable landings in Nova Scotia, and thence beneath the ocean to Ireland, will be placed near the players. Large exhibition chess-boards will be at one end of the hall, on which the games will be diagrammed as they are played by the teams, and the spectators will have full opportunity to follow the match.

Promptly at 9.30 a.m., New York time (2.30 p.m., London), the contestants will take their places at tables numbered from one to six. The umpire for the British team will then draw a slip with a number on it. If the number be odd, then the odd-numbered players of the American team will have first move, and the even-numbered British players will have like privilege; should the number drawn be even, then



W. W. YOUNG (PRINCETON).



ARTHUR S. MEYER (COLUMBIA).



KAUFMAN G. FALK (COLUMBIA).



C. F. C. ARENSBERG (HARVARD).



WADDILL CATCHINGS (HARVARD).



LOUIS A. COOK (YALE).

the first contest for cable chess supremacy with the feeling that they are at a disadvantage. Another important difference is that the average student of the British Universities is older than the young men who seek degrees in the American Universities. The average age of matriculants in the University of Columbia is seventeen years. In arranging the rules to govern the cable match, the difference in the conditions governing inter-collegiate contests in the two countries was found to be very great. In England only undergraduates are allowed to participate in the matches between Oxford and Cambridge; four years after matriculation being the limit, while in the United States post-graduates are permitted to play in the Inter-collegiate Tournament, the limit being extended to seven years after matriculation. The British Committees agreed to a mean of five years for both sides, and would not entertain a proposition to extend it, though, in view of the difference in ages of students, the Americans thought such an extension just. It was the desire of the American Committee to have Southard, the Harvard champion, who is in his sixth year from matriculation, play in the team, but the British Committee would not hear of it, and the best player in inter-collegiate circles of the United States is barred.

The American team will be at the Café Boulevard, the home of the

the even-numbered American players of the American side will have first move, and the odd British that privilege. The names of the teams in the order in which they occupy places at the tables numbered from one to six will be cabled simultaneously in both directions, and as the men sit at the tables so will they be paired, No. 1 in London playing against No. 1 in New York, No. 2 against No. 2, and so on down, each pair contesting one game. A won game will count one point to the winner, drawn games one-half point to each side. The team winning the majority of points will win the match.

Games will be played under a time limit of twenty moves an hour, every player being required to complete that number of moves within an indicated hour on a clock which is running while he is studying his moves, and stopped after he has made a move. The hours of play are from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Friday, April 21 (3 to 7 p.m., London), and from 3 to 7 p.m. (8 to midnight, London). On Saturday the same hours will be utilised, and all play will cease at 6.30 p.m. (11.30 p.m., London). Games unfinished at that hour will be adjudicated. Baron Albert de Rothschild, of Vienna, has been requested to act as referee in the match, and will adjudicate any games unfinished at the end of the second day's play.

L. D. BROUGHTON, JUNIOR.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A PROMISE.

BY AMELIA PAIN.

End of July, and the atmosphere like a quilt. London was emptying feverishly. The best possible proof of it lay in the fact that Mrs. Carstone had driven all the way from Montagu Square to the Park gates near the Albert Memorial without meeting a soul that she knew. Luck was always with her.

At the gates she paid off her hansom and entered the Park on foot. She had meant to walk the whole of the way, but the heat had interfered; the sight of a hansom with its cave of cool shade had proved too tempting; and, like the celebrated Frenchman, Mrs. Carstone was apt to resist everything excepting temptation.

Only now, of course, she was too early. As she neared the trees beyond the Memorial and the Flower Walk, she pulled her absurd watch out of a nest of lace and consulted it frowningly. Twenty minutes to wait. Well, he need not know that she was first at the tryst. She would stroll away to some not too distant seat, and then return to the meeting-tree five minutes behind time. He must be kept waiting just a little. "Punctuality," she said to herself, "would be ineffective."

So she walked off at right angles to the way from which she had come, till she found a group of three hard green chairs in the shade of a chestnut-tree. She placed one of the chairs behind the huge tree-trunk, and sat down.

"I might be Eve," she said to herself, looking round at the utter desertion of the place. "Not a cat. That's one of Phil's best points: he has a genius for selection in these little matters—never makes mistakes. But if he doesn't come heaps too early he shall suffer for it!"

She took a small yellow satin bag out of her pocket, turned up her veil, and re-powdered her face discreetly. It was already discreetly rouged. Then she gave her hat some experienced touches, rearranged the roses in her waistband, picked a fan of chestnut-leaves wherewith to whisk the dust from her patent-leather toes, and finally leant back again with a little fluttering sigh.

Quarter to six. Goodness, how quiet it was! Quite oppressive.

She was so much a woman of momentary moods and light impressions that this unusual solitude seemed positively to affect her. The corners of her extremely pretty mouth began to droop visibly.

"It's like a waiting-room—only without the papers," she said to herself. "Wish I hadn't driven."

Her hand went mechanically to her pocket for something to play with. It brought out two letters, folded small, and some tiny ivory tablets.

She began with the tablets. Black with pencilling in May; blacker in June; a little less black from the middle of July. Constantly the initials "P. H."

Then she turned to the letters, reading them lazily through. First the bigger sheet—

MADAM,—I am forwarding bodice herewith, and trust the alterations will now meet with your approval. The skirt—&c.

This she tore up and threw behind her. Then the smaller sheet—

Sat. Night. Sea View Hotel, Throngton.

DARLING,—Got here safely in time for very decent *table d'hôte* dinner, and already feel a bit breezier. Seems a well-managed hotel, and quite near beach, which is glorious. We can have two good rooms (fifth floor, but a lift) from Monday. So come by fast train 11.50 a.m., and I'll meet it here. All successful so far. Just in time for post.—Always your devoted hubby, J.

P.S.—Left new nail-brush in washstand drawer. Please bring it on Monday.

"Providence, his nail-brush!" She made a grimace. "Poor boy! Yes, I'll take the 11.50 some day next week, and bear it for as long as I can. Phil can see me off. I think my blue serge—or, perhaps—"

At which critical juncture her thoughts were interrupted by the high falsetto of a child somewhere behind her.

"Here's two big tsairs, Mummy. Will they do? Will they do, Mum?"

"Yes. Run and climb up," said a low voice; and presently there were shufflings and scrapings at the two chairs behind the tree, and then a deep sigh of content.

"My legs do yache," said the high voice.

"Then we'll give them a bootiful rest," said the low voice.

Little Mrs. Carstone sat still. If it had been a man and a woman—or even two women—she would have coughed them a warning. But a mother and child. She was glad that they seemed talkative. They might be quite amusing.

The voices soon began to alternate steadily.

HIGH VOICE. Don't let's go away from here ever—shall we?

LOW VOICE. Sleep here all night? You would be a cold little bird in the morning.

H. V. Would I? Very cold? Why would I?

L. V. Because it won't keep nice and hot as it is now. Nights are cold.

H. V. Then we'd better go home, bett'n't we, *dea'* Mum?

L. V. Angel!

H. V. I want to come on your lap.

L. V. Come along, then. (*Heavings and the rustle of starched linen*) That comfy?

H. V. 'Ss. 'Dore you!

L. V. (*in a transport*). Do you know what you are? You're a tiny white lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck.

H. V. And what else?

L. V. (*quite demoralised*). And a weeny pink canary—

H. V. Canaries *isn't* pink!

L. V. Blue, then.

H. V. They *isn't* blue!

L. V. (*reaching climax*). Of course not—green with white spots, you— (*Kisses and laughs*.)

H. V. (*recovering itself*). Now, Mum, tell me a storwy.

L. V. What about?

H. V. 'Bout—'bout—'bout some naughty dolls what went to a savage country and stole *all* the toys out of 'e s'ops.

L. V. (*suppressing ecstasy*). I don't think I know that one. I could tell you one about a little girl of four—

H. V. Me?

L. V. Wait and see. A little girl of four called—Pearl, who wanted a star out of the sky to wear in her hair. So what do you think she did? She got a big bird to take her right up, up, up to the moon, for the moon had to be asked if she could spare a star. The moon is a beautiful silver lady, you know—the loveliest you ever saw—

H. V. No!

L. V. Yes, she is.

H. V. No. *You* is. Much the bootiflest!

L. V. I? I'm only a plain Mum.

H. V. (*desperately*). No, no, no; I won't—

L. V. Oh, all right, sweet; she was the second-best, and— (*The story drifts on to a delirious close, Mrs. CARSTONE listening with unconscious but breathless interest.*)

H. V. (*at the finish*). How big was the star?

L. V. Oh, about so big. And now, do you know that it's getting very near somebody's bed-time.

H. V. My legs isn't stopped achin' yet. Weelly!

L. V. Very well; we'll stay a little bit longer, shall we?

H. V. 'Ss. *Dea'* Mum! Are I goin' to say my noo prayer to-night?

L. V. Of course you are.

H. V. What fun! I want to learn it frough now.

L. V. Do you remember how it begins?

H. V. Can't.

L. V.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild—
(*The high voice follows the low voice laboriously.*)
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

H. V. (*interrupting*). Your hair tickles!

L. V. That better?

H. V. 'Ss. Let's go on.

L. V.

Fain would I to Thee be brought,
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

But before the end of the second line, Mrs. Carstone had put her hands up to her face, and was saying to herself over and over again, "Not that one! Oh, not that one!" and swaying to and fro as though the words were beating her.

And, just at the close, she became aware of a big military figure in the distance, and sprang to her feet with a look of bewildered agony. Without one customary touch to hat or veil, she rushed towards the man, panting—

"Phil!"

He turned sharply with a swing of grey coat-tails, and made a charming salutation, in which boudoir chivalry mingled happily with the manliness of his profession—a soldier's.

"Phil, I haven't come. I mean—I can't stay. I—"

"What is it? Nothing wrong?" he said, taking her hand.

She snatched it away, to his bewilderment.

"Oh, I want you not to mind. Something *has* happened—nothing *really*. Oh, do put me into a cab!"

Her voice and her face warned him that she was fighting tears, unequally. He raised his hat with the air of deference to her wishes and regret at her reticence which the occasion demanded, and they walked side by side towards the gates in a brittle silence, she setting the quick pace.

"Don't be angry, Phil. I'm a hateful idiot," she began at last. "No, don't say anything. I *do* feel so seedy!"

Whereupon he hazarded, "Poor little woman! I'm deuced sorry."

"I would tell you if I could, only—I can't."

"Don't trouble about that. Will this cab do? It ain't a very smart one."

"Oh, yes; it'll do. Thank you so much, Phil. I'll write to you. Do you see?"

"I see. Thanks. All right."



MISS FANNY MORRIS AS LADY HERMIONE DE VAUX, IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."

Miss Fanny Morris, eldest daughter of the late Sir Evan Morris, of Wrexham, Denbighshire, went on the stage in 1895 as a member of Augustin Daly's Company, and toured in America in his Shaksperian productions. In 1897 she played Lady Barbara Cripps in "An Artist's Model" (Messrs. Macdonald and Patterson's Company) on tour in England, and was afterwards engaged by Mr. Yorke Stephens to play Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Miss Morris is at present playing Lady Hermione de Vaux with the Drury Lane management in "The White Heather," and opened with this play at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, March 20, afterwards at Clapham, Croydon, Brixton, &c. The portrait is by Sarony, Scarborough.

LITTLE TOMMY ATKINS AT SCHOOL.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL DESCRIBED.

The Duke of York's School takes its name from that Frederick, Duke of York, who laid its foundation-stone on June 19, 1801. He was George the Third's second son, and died during his father's lifetime. The building is described as being of earth-brick, with coping of Portland stone, and forms three sides of a quadrangle. It is a Royal Military School for the sons of the soldiers of the regular Army, who enter it at the age of nine, and leave when they are fourteen, unless, indeed, they are fortunate enough to be in the band, when another year of school-life is allowed them. Under the command of Colonel G. A. W. Forrest, the discipline is strictly military, and although the boys who enter the school are not obliged in after life to become soldiers, the training is too strong to resist, and more than ninety per cent. follow the flag to the end, while not a few pass their failing years in Chelsea Hospital, which is within a stone's throw of the school. The boys are formed into companies, consisting of a colour-corporal, four corporals, four lance-corporals, and a monitor. A bugle sounds for meals; a tiny bugler stands on the steps beneath the Doric portico of the great building, and with astonishing alacrity the inhabitants appear from the nooks and crannies of the establishment and file into the dining-hall, to seat themselves at a series of tables placed across the room and built to hold eight at each, a corporal at the head, a discreet person with a stern sense of justice, who divides the pudding into eight sections with masterly accuracy. The companies

in the smoking fare; the drum is sounded, a pause, then grace is said, and the boys fall to on the savoury meat before them.

On a Sunday, as the roll of the drum calls them to church-parade, the tiny soldiers form into rank, and the band plays gaily in the square while the companies file into chapel, where a reverent service is reverently attended to, and a practical sermon from the Rev. G. H. Andrews closes the service. Surely the Chaplain was born to preach to children! He has attained the exact style that appeals to his congregation, and, as they sit with the sun glinting on their little close-cropped heads as it steals through the chapel-windows, they are, for the most part, thoughtful, serious, earnest, gathering wisdom for the fight in the battle of life to come.

Before closing this notice of the school, one must not forget the pet sea-gulls—a somewhat gloomy company, with clipped wings, who stand about, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on two, huddled together on the grass, wearing a displeased and mutinous air, the one note of discontent in that bright, brisk, cheery atmosphere. Though well fed and taken care of, they cannot forget their old home on the ocean wave, and they have a distinct air of being convicts.

It has been said that they occasionally cheer up when strutting about the play-ground; they imagine it to be the seashore, and the rumbling traffic in the King's Road to be the roll of the sea. The photographs were taken by Miss Broughton, and were done on a



THE OLDEST (15) AND THE YOUNGEST (9) BOYS IN THE SCHOOL.



THIS CHELSEA PENSIONER WAS A PUPIL AT THE SCHOOL, WHICH HE LEFT IN 1847.



DRUM-MAJOR AND COLOUR-CORPORALS OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.

sit together, and all down the room are merry faces and stalwart youthful forms in red coats, with gay bibs in the shape of brilliant cotton handkerchiefs tucked underneath the smooth chins of these embryo sons of Mars. The orderlies appear, two by two, bringing

breezy, bright morning. Sergeant-Major Fear was most kind in lending his aid as to grouping, &c. This certainly required patience, for, when the wind did not ruffle flags and plumes, the sun came out and dazzled youthful eyes.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE IN "ON AND OFF."
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS MAY PALFREY IN "A LADY OF QUALITY."
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS ELSIE FOGERTY IN MR. SWINBURNE'S "LOCRINE."
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS MAUDE MILLETT AS MADAME GILFILLIAN IN "SWEET LAVENDER."
Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THEATRE GOSSIP

Miss Olga Nethersole has hit on an interesting plan of making herself better known. She has issued a beautiful album (printed in America) of pictures of herself in several of her chief characters. Drawings and photographs are used.

Under the immediate patronage of the Princess Frederica of Hanover, Cardinal Vaughan, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, and others, an orchestral concert in aid of the Rev. E. Buns's Boys' Orphanages, organised by Mrs. Edmund Herbert and Madame Beatrice Langley, will be given at the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of May 31. Among the many eminent artists who have promised to give their services are Madame Albani, Mlle. de St. André, Miss Carrie Townshend, Madame Beatrice Langley, Mr. Santley, and Signor Caprile. Signor Arditi will conduct.

Miss Lilian Ellis, whose portrait is here reproduced, is a member of the Garrick company. She was understudy to Miss Kate Rorke in "The Three Musketeers," and played the part of Anne of Austria (in Miss Rorke's temporary absence) with much grace and charm.

Some critics have raised their eyebrows at the unrobing of the Duchess of Strood (in "The Gay Lord Quex") behind her cheval-glass. But all that is very mild compared with the scene in "La Tortue," recently played in New York. This photograph gives an idea of the length of realism.



MISS LILIAN ELLIS.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Jolly John Nash has made us laugh for five-and-thirty years, and so a benefit in his honour was to be given at the Tivoli on Monday (too late for me to notice it). He has had a large family to provide for, and he does not get so many engagements to-day as he once did. Hence the rallying of his friends, headed by no less a personage than the Duke of Beaufort. Jolly John Nash, who is a Gloucestershire man, will go down to posterity, for Dickens noticed him in *Household Words*, and Philander Smith enshrined him in the "Comic History of England." He has been all round the world. You may find him often in the Reading-Room of the British Museum. He is an enthusiastic man, a Forester, a Buffalo, an Elk, and an Eccentric. He once owned the Strand Music Hall, long since replaced by the Gaiety.

I note that Messrs. George H. and Thomas Broadhurst, the incoming American tenants of the Strand Theatre, intend to follow the former brother's most successful farce, "What Happened to Jones," with two other pieces of his in the same genre, and with similarly whimsical titles—"Why Smith Left Home," and "The Wrong Mr. Wright." Will they, I wonder, produce also Mr. G. H. Broadhurst's more serious play, "The Last Chapter," originally brought out at the end of January, and recently received with favour on its presentation, under Mr. Charles Frohman's auspices, at the New York Garden Theatre? "The Last Chapter" is described as a clean, wholesome, and, in the main, strong and interesting play.



"LA TORTUE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The "Strolling Players," as actors who travelled the provinces at race-meetings in the beginning of this century were called, did not have such splendid salaries or such a rosy time of it as some of the actors of the present day, and many of the gentlemen and ladies who followed



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S VELO.
Winner of the Dabraham Plate.

The profession then had some terribly hard times, and had great difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. The "Strolling Players" invariably followed race-meetings, for the followers of the Turf then, as now, were among their chief supporters, and often came to their aid in distress. The following incident will give some idea of how hard the times used to be with the profession of "Strolling Players." The incident occurred in the year 1815, when a company of "Strollers" put up at an inn in a town when the races were

on. This company of comedians were murdering the language of some of our best dramatic authors, and they were hard up for "properties." It appears that a traveller put up at the inn where they were performing, and he sat in the kitchen, accommodation then being limited, smoking his pipe and regarding with pleasure a fowl that was roasting for his supper, when a tall, meagre, hungry-looking man in full histrionic garb stalked in, and, with an earnest and melancholy look at the fowl, retired with a sigh. Repeating his visit a second time, he exclaimed, "That fowl will never be done in time!" "What do you mean?" said the traveller. "That fowl belongs to me, and is for my supper, and you shan't have a bit of it." "Oh," replied the actor, "my good sir, you misunderstand me. I don't want your fowl. I am a player, and my company of comedians are going to play 'Oroonoko,' and the audience are waiting and impatient, and are clamouring for the return of their money, and we cannot begin for want of the 'Jack chain.'"

The present Stewards of the Jockey Club are members of the forward school, and we can confidently look to them to adopt any measures that are calculated to benefit racing. Therefore, I think the time an appropriate one to suggest to the Stewards that they should license all bookmakers.

Mr. R. H. Fry and many of the big pen-cillers consider the suggestion a good one. The Jockey Club professes not to have anything to do with betting, yet all defaulters are warned off Newmarket Heath; and now that the House of Lords has decided that Tattersall's Ring is not a "place," I think the whole question of betting should come under the ruling of the supreme head of racing. It is too late in the day to argue that racing is not dependent on betting for its very existence, and all that is required to make everything run smoothly is for the laying to be trusted in the hands of only responsible men.



TOMMY LOATES PARADING GOLDEN BRIDGE
FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT KEMPTON.

Photo by Rouch, Strand.

constant racegoer by looking into his eyes. If a man has looked through his race-glasses constantly for any number of years, his eyes are drawn up, and he is more or less wrinkled round his eyebrows. Mr. Judge Robinson is a case in point. Lord Lurgan, too, screws his eyes up when he is not looking through his glasses. On the other hand, Mr. R. H. Fry, who never uses race-glasses, has not a single wrinkle round his eyes, and he keeps them wide open even when facing the

strongest sunlight. I am certain the constant use of race-glasses is harmful to the sight, but many people, the Judge especially, could not well do without them.

Sloan is very fond of the theatres, and in one respect he resembles the "stars" of the footlights, inasmuch as he is very fond of having himself photographed like this and like that. The English jockeys, too, have a weakness in that they dearly love to face the camera, while the contagion is rampant among the trainers at Newmarket, who must spend a ton of money with the local photographers. The reason for it all is not far to seek, for have not portraits of the majority of our trainers and jockeys appeared in the newspapers many times?—and you can take it from me that this is what first whetted the edge of their vanity. The time may, and probably will, come when visitors to the Newmarket meetings will be able to spend their evenings in visiting a local gallery hung with portraits of all the leading trainers and jockeys. In the meanwhile, we are able to feast on the photographic studios.

The Newmarket First Spring Meeting, which opens next week, will be a big function, as the Prince of Wales is to be present, and Society will, as a matter of course, have to be writ large. The feature of the meeting will, of course, be the Two Thousand Guineas, which, I think, will be easily won by Caiman now that Birkenhead is off colour. The latter is very likely to come to hand for the Derby, in which case he ought to make the best of them gallop at Epsom. There should be a good field for the One Thousand Guineas, but fillies are unreliable, and it may be that some outsider will win. At present the race looks a good thing for Victoria May, who has been specially saved for the race. The filly is owned by Mr. Larnach, who is spending a lot of money on horses.

The testimonial to Tom Furr, for twenty-seven years huntsman of the Quorn Hounds, was presented to him on the 10th. It amounted to the comfortable sum of £3200.

I have several times before written about the benevolence of racegoers. A deserving case has only to be mentioned in Tattersall's Ring for sufficient funds to be forthcoming for all immediate requirements. Any jockey, trainer, or even backer, who has fallen across evil times has not to appeal to the members of the Ring in vain. At the same time, there are a lot of hangers-on to the Turf who should not be encouraged. They borrow half-crowns or half-sovereigns off everyone they meet, and use the money to back horses with. It is a pity that we have not a Charity Organisation Society on the Turf, to sift the pedigrees of some of these itinerant borrowers and to get them put outside when found to be guilty of plying their objectionable business. These rascals borrow, but never intend to pay. A friend of mine always gave them, for a present, ten per cent. of the amount they wanted to borrow.

CAPTAIN COE.

The *Polo Magazine* is getting into better trim. The current issue is unusually bright and gossipy, though the elaborate diagrams show that it appeals to experts.

With the commencement of the yachting season a new publication is announced, to be known as the *Skipper*. The sub-title, "A Weekly Log of Nautical Matters," sufficiently indicates the scope of the periodical, which will deal with the sport of yachting and naval matters generally. Mr. Julius Gabe will be the editor.

An ingenious Cycle Road Map and Guide has been issued by the Hovis Company. It is in eight sections, to cover the area of England and Wales, and gives information of real value to the tourist. The Guide has been specially compiled by the Hovis staff, and all the places to stay at can be recommended, the prices being moderate and the accommodation good. The list of free inflating-stations and cycle-repairers is quite up to date, having been specially arranged by a well-known firm of cycle part makers. It costs only sixpence, and if it is a success (as it ought to be), similar maps of Scotland and Ireland will be produced.



TOM FURR.

Photo by Burton, Leicester.

"CARNAC SAHIB," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

Two men, a woman, and a native rising from the materials of the latest play from the prolific and successful pen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, whose hand for once seems to have lost something of its cunning. One



[Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.]

MR. ALEXANDER, THE COUNT DES ESCAS, DISGUISED AS A FRIAR.

He plays this part in John Oliver Hobbes's "A Repentance" (which comes off on Friday), at the St. James's Theatre. He is declaring: "One day my heart rushes forth to the Carlists; another day to the Christinists."

finds him halting between a play that should be a psychological study and a play intending to be a military drama, and the result is, on the whole, rather poor psychology and ineffective melodrama. It must not be imagined, however, that "Carnac Sahib" has no interesting scenes or vivid moments. On the contrary, there is so much valuable material in it that it may well be Mr. Jones, if he pleases, will succeed in making a success out of the picturesque, beautifully mounted incidents which at present hardly constitute a real drama. In the accomplishment of his task, he may be advised to modify the attitude of Carnac Sahib and Colonel Syrett towards one another and Mrs. Arnison in the earlier scenes of the piece. Perhaps British Colonels fall in love with such creatures as the Arnison woman—about whom I should like to use the vigorous Saxon word employed by Lord Quex concerning Sophy; even then, they are not likely to bicker in public as to her favours, or snarl and growl at one another every time they meet. Strangely enough, the greater is more credible than the less, and it is easier to believe in Syrett's tacit acquiescence in the attempted murder of Carnac than in the mean trick played by him upon his superior in stealing a victory from him, or his flagrantly undisciplined insults to his superior officer.

The other side of the picture is pleasanter. One sees with a thrill the young English officers almost ready to fight with one another for the privilege of forming part of the "forlorn hope," and the gallant conduct of the handful of whites besieged in the exquisite Palace of Pysapore by the Nawab. A defter little scene can hardly be imagined than that in which Carnac bluffs the discontented native troops by threatening to light the powder-magazine—in which, alas, there is no powder—unless they go back and fight. One wonders how it chances that the author, so skilful in contriving the incidents of the siege, should be unsuccessful in getting a broad and exciting result from them. Possibly a terror of being charged with writing obvious melodrama has weakened him, but obvious melodrama is preferable to a play that is not obviously dramatic in any category. Of course, all the world will wish to see

the pretty pictures of the natives and the Palace and the Bazaar, which once more show how great are Mr. Tree's gifts as manager. And all the ladies will be anxious to gaze at the Worth gowns worn by Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose first confection, apparently, is symbolic and intended to show to one's quickly fatigued eye that she is "the scarlet woman." At present there is not much to be said of the acting, for which the author is somewhat to blame. Probably the best work is done by Miss Eva Moore, charming as an *ingénue*, and Mr. J. D. Beveridge, in a curious drunken part. Work of excellence is done by Mr. Tree, Mr. Waller, Mr. Ross, Mr. Mansfield, Mr. McKinnel, and Mr. Fisher White.

E. F. S.

"THE QUEEN'S NAVEE."

Some years ago—in the early 'sixties, to be precise—there lived at Greenwich a veteran sailor known only by the name of "Old Tom." He was a noted character to whom all seafaring men used to defer, for he had been Lord Nelson's valet. A friend of mine who knew the veteran well had many a long chat with him, and picked up a few facts that historians may well note. "Old Tom" declared to the day of his death that Nelson would not have died at Trafalgar had he been with him. At Copenhagen, when his master wanted to put on a coat glittering with orders and decorations, "Old Tom" persuaded him to wear a perfectly plain one that gave no special attraction to marksmen. The position of the hostile fleet off Cape Trafalgar was ascertained by some vessel or vessels in the merchant service, which brought the news to Portsmouth, where Nelson, just back from the West Indies, was waiting for news and preparing for the encounter already recognised as inevitable.

Nelson sent "Old Tom" to London with instructions to follow after the delivery of a message and letter, while he led his twenty-seven ships against the combined fleet of France and Spain. "Old Tom" used to declare, with deep emotion, that he knew what the end would be, and that, had he been with his master, the glittering coat that caught the eye of the sharpshooter on the *Redoubtable* would not have been worn. He used to say that his distinguished master was fond of the outward and visible signs of his own high position, and only consented to fight off Copenhagen in undress uniform at the earnest entreaty of his valet. If all this be true, and I am told that the old man looked and spoke as one incapable of falsehood, there is much food for reflection in the story.

None too soon, the Admiralty are going to sell some of the old war-ships that for years past have figured in the "Rotten Row" at Devonport, a continual source of expense for repairs, and an inconvenience, since they have helped to overcrowd the harbour. The authorities have picked out the turret-ship *Prince Albert* and the cruisers *Shannon*, *Carysfort*, *Conquest*, and *Constance* to be put in the list of ships for sale. The *Prince Albert* was laid down at Poplar in 1862, and in her name commemorates the Prince Consort, who died on Dec. 14 of the preceding year. She is one of the oldest ironclad ships in the Navy. Intended for coast defence, she has seen only about six years' service since she was completed for sea thirty-five years ago. Similarly, the *Shannon*, though she cost over £300,000 in 1875, has seen comparatively little service. The other three cruisers are sister ships of 2380 tons displacement each, and during their twenty years' service have proved very useful ships. Since they cost only £150,000 each—or not much more than a seventh of the expense of some of our big battleships—they have been cheap ships; but their day is gone, and it was time they were handed over to the ship-breaker.



THE COUNTESS (MISS JULIE OPP) AND THE DEAD BODY OF THE COUNT, SHOT BY A CHRISTINIST.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

When to light up: Wednesday, April 19, 8 p.m.; Thursday, 8.2; Friday, 8.4; Saturday, 8.5; Sunday, 8.7; Monday, 8.8; Tuesday, 8.10. Full moon, Tuesday next.

It is a mistake to imagine that, because a Surrey landlady refused to supply Lady Harberton with a luncheon in the coffee-room of her inn, on the ground she was in "rationals," and her action has been upheld by the magistrates, landlords and landladies can henceforth be insulting to ladies "rationally" inclined. Personally, I don't care for the "rational" costume. No doubt, it is easier to cycle in, but it is rarely becoming, and, were I a woman, I would be too afraid of the criticisms of the small but vulgar boy in the street to venture out so clad. In such a matter, the heroic temperament generally goes with an ungainly figure. Still, I think the Court was wrong. This is a free country, and Lady Harberton—who is a lady, and a cultured lady—should have a perfect right to the use of an inn, whether dressed in skirts or "bloomers," without being subjected to the sniffing prudery of any publican, however well-intentioned. It was advanced on behalf of the landlady, in refusing to allow Lady Harberton to take luncheon in the coffee-room, that if she did it would injure the reputation of her house, and that women who rode bicycles on the Portsmouth Road in tights would also claim admission. This was both insulting and silly. The whole thing, however, is a matter of sentiment and custom. Women don't wear knickerbockers, as a rule, and the idea is abroad that those who do are not as modest as they should be. But we should remember that the first man who carried an umbrella in London was scoffed and jeered at. We don't do that now. And it may be the same in regard to "rationals." History repeats itself. But, as matters now stand, though a landlord may refuse to supply luncheon to a lady in a particular room because she wears bifurcated clothes, he is obliged to supply it in another room.

The attitude of the officials of the C. T. C. has been wobbling over this "rational" dress question. Lady Harberton is a member of the club, and Mr. Shipton promptly scratched the name of the offending hotel off the list of hotels recommended by the C. T. C. That brought him a few barrow-loads of indignant letters from other members of the club, who abhor the divided garment and who thought that official sanction was being given to "rationals." Now Mr. Shipton is anxious to have it understood the C. T. C. does not advocate the wearing of "rationals." Of course it doesn't. Mr. Shipton, nevertheless, lacked tact in scratching out the name. He should leave the "rationals" and "anti-rationals" to fight out the battle by themselves and not interfere in the club's name. By now, however, he knows that a secretary cannot be all things to all members.

Cycling dress is really an important matter. In Russia, in some of the big towns it is an offence against the law for ladies not to ride in "bifurcateds." In one city of the Czar's dominions, however—Staritz—a cycle-dealer's sign-board has been ordered down by the police on moral grounds—it represented an artistically clad lady cyclist. Now comes the news of a religious difficulty in Saxony. Some Lutheran pastors have got into hot water because they have been making parochial rounds on their bicycles. The whole affair has been under discussion at the National Evangelical Lutheran Consistory of Dresden. By resolution, it has been decided that the clergy, "if they wish to make use of the bicycle, which is becoming more and more general as a means of communication from one place to another, can do so, provided always that in regard to their clothing they in no wise offend against that sense of decorum which is expected from them, and provided also that their parishioners have nothing to say against their doing so."

Railway companies have no souls to be anathematised nor parts of anatomy to be kicked. So we can only grumble at them—as yet. It almost seems as though they went out of their way to damage bicycles that are put in their luggage-vans. I'm not one of those who advocate bicycles should be ranked as personal luggage. A bicycle does require more care and handling than a trunk of clothes, and we should be willing to pay. We do, as a matter of fact, pay, and we pay unreasonably high terms, to have our wheels carried by train. The railway companies should, as their part of the contract, exercise a little care. But it's the

magnificent privilege of British railway companies to bully their passengers and smash their property. In Alsace-Lorraine special carriages "for cyclists only" are part of the railway-trains. Each compartment seats four passengers on one side, and on the other side the seat folds up against the wall, and the space is utilised to sling four bicycles by hooks from the ceiling. That's a little better than the English method of putting bicycles among a lot of jolting milk-cans.

Very often in this page I drag in comparisons between the advantages enjoyed by British and American cyclists. A few weeks ago, I urged little cycle-tracks, inexpensive to make, along the side of our main roads, as not only easier to ride along, but more comfortable in dusty weather, and serviceable when the rest of the road is muddy after rain. Also I have urged proper bicycle-stands outside our houses and country inns, to save the bicycles being scratched by leaning them against walls, or tumbling over by trying to lean them against bushes. Another thing I want to see are good, strong, foot tyre-inflators outside country hotel doors. In America many cycle-repairers have foot inflators outside their shops. They are free to everybody; no charge is made. This is a good advertisement, for the cyclist who wants repairs generally goes to the shop where he is in the habit of getting his tyres "pumped up."

We are shockingly slow-moving in this country. The social side of cycling is in its infancy, and it is, despite the popularity of the pastime, growing but tardily. Ladies cycle more around our suburban lanes than men do, yet very little provision is made for them to get a cup of tea and some cake. Girls don't like to march into a hotel and order tea. Besides, eighteenpence, the customary price, is too much to pay. There are, of course, cottages where you can get tea, but it is seldom good, and the alleged summer-house where it is supplied is often a miserable

shanty, and the garden little better than a fowl-run. In America they do much better. Six or seven miles out of the towns, in pretty grounds and beneath high trees, you find nice little bungalows specially for the comfort of cyclists. There are hammocks swung beneath the trees, camp-chairs, and little tables with nice white tablecloths. Of course, the mere man can have tea if he likes, and he often does. But it is chiefly the ladies of the town you find patronising them. Now, if the "A.B.C." or some other refreshment-providing company wanted to be a real blessing and boon to cyclists, there are dozens of little corners of copses within ten miles of London



NORTH v. SOUTH LACROSSE-PLAYERS AT RICHMOND.

On the 6th inst. North beat South at Lacrosse for the eighth year in succession. Their total of goals (fourteen) is a record for this annual event; and the margin in their favour (eleven) has been equalled only in three previous seasons—by North, in 1888, 1890, and 1898.

which they could rent and put up an artistic bungalow, and there supply our wives and our sisters, and sometimes us, with little luncheons and teas. Don't put a beery-breathed and dirty-thumbed old waiter in charge, but a decent, respectable, and clean old woman. That's how it's done in America. And why should we be behind America in all these little advantages?

A Musical, Dramatic, and Cycling Club is being started down at Brighton. The headquarters are to be in a central part of the town, and runs are to be arranged for every two or three days. The club will meet one evening in each week.

If you've put your bicycle away after a ride in the rain, and then find it rusty and dull, you can clean the rust off with a little paraffin on a rag, make the plated parts bright with a rubbing of benzoline, and brighten up the enamel with a piece of flannel and the tiniest amount of linseed oil.

Those who intend to go cycling in France should remember that from May 1 there is a general cycling-tax. Foreigners, however, are free from this providing their tour in the country is not more than three months. But when they enter France they must get from the French Customs a ticket to show they are tourists and the date of their arrival on French soil. A sixty-centime stamp is attached to this ticket.

Mr. J. O. Sell, who is a cyclist and a philatelist also, writes to me as follows—

You say that soon "we will have a stamp showing a cyclist." Apparently you are unaware that five years ago such a stamp was issued. I enclose for your inspection a stamp used by the Victor Bicycle Messenger Service in 1894, between Fresno and San Francisco, during a strike in the mining district. You will notice it is rouletted in diamond shape, is of the value of twenty-five cents, and is green in colour. There is a variety with the name spelt Francisco. At the same time two envelopes were issued with the same stamp printed in brown on white and amber paper.

J. F. F.

THE MARRYING OF LADY PEGGY PRIMROSE.

The marriage of Lady Margaret—better known as “Peggy”—Primrose to the Earl of Crewe, which takes place at Westminster Abbey to-morrow, has created a great amount of interest, none the less so that her family has gone out of its way to keep the affair very quiet. This has been evidenced by the refusal of the bride to have her portrait published (the young Duchess of Marlborough is another of the same); but, as all the photographers of Dublin had “taken” the bridegroom while he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, there has been no difficulty in his case.

Lady Peggy—more formally, Lady Margaret Etrenne Hannah—Primrose is the second daughter of the Earl of Rosebery, by Hannah Rothschild, the only daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. She was born on New Year's Day, 1881, while her only living brother, Lord Dalmeny, was born a year later (Jan. 8, 1882). Both Lord Rosebery and Lord Crewe are Creations of yesterday. The first Lord Rosebery, Archibald Primrose, stood by the Hanoverians, and was, in 1700, created Viscount of Rosebery and Lord Primrose of Dalmeny and Primrose for his pains, while, three years later, he was advanced to the Earldom of Rosebery and the Viscounty of Inverkeithing

A NOTE FROM PARIS.

The various mystic Cults that have arisen in Paris during the past few decadent years, and have found so many devotees, always roused a feeling of disgust among the more temperate, clear-minded Parisians. Max Nordau, with whom I recently discussed the general situation in France, sees in it a complete vindication of the most pessimistic utterances to be found in “Degeneration.” The better-class clergy, the men who devote themselves to the moral well-being of their flock, and taboo politics and “the affair,” are fighting very hard against the strange forms of heathen worship and the heathen rites that are practised almost openly in Paris. Only a few weeks ago, at a reception held in a well-known house, a gentleman connected with the Vatican in some private capacity boldly and fearlessly stated that the only remedy for idolatry was to be found in the stake. This remark, made without passion by a man not given to rash speaking, created a profound sensation.

Apropos of the “affair,” the latest rumour from Paris is worthy of note. It states that the Government—surely meaning M. Loubet—was privily party to the publication in the *Figaro* of the full text of the inquiry before the Court of Cassation. Convinced that the truth must



LORD ROSEBERY'S SEAT IN BUCKS, MENTMORE TOWERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERRIAMPTON.

in the peerage of Scotland. His grandson was made Baron Rosebery in the peerage of the United Kingdom in 1828, and the present Earl remains a Scotch Earl, and only a Baron of the United Kingdom. Lord Rosebery was born on May 7, 1847, while his future son-in-law was born on Jan. 12, 1858. Lord Rosebery married in 1878 and Lord Crewe in 1880. Lord Rosebery became a widower in 1890 (his wife's will being proved at £719,876 net), while Lord Crewe's wife died in 1887. Both Earls have three children living. Lord Rosebery's chief residence, of course, is Dalmeny, near Edinburgh; but Mentmore Towers, his seat in Bucks—where he owns 5473 acres—attracts him strongly.

Mentmore was built in 1857 by the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild. Mr. Stokes, R.A., was the architect, and, as money was no object, the mansion is a splendid example of Anglo-Italian architecture. Built on an elevation overlooking the famous Vale of Aylesbury, you have from the terraces a fine picture of English scenery. Many art-treasures from all countries are to be seen in the splendid interior: pictures by Rubens and other masters, tapestries and sculpture, in almost every room. In the gardens the Italian style is followed, and there are immense conservatories with many rare plants and flowers, also an aviary with rare specimens of birds. A noted feature are the paddocks, which are some distance from the house; here may be seen some of the horses which have made the owners of Mentmore famous, and in the grounds is a life-size bronze statue of the thoroughbred stallion King Tom. This horse was a favourite of the late Baron de Rothschild: his statue cost £1500.

be known, anxious to avoid the responsibility of giving details to the world, it found the way out of the difficulty by letting the people see for themselves. Certainly the rumour is assisted by the lack of authentic statement concerning the origin of the “copy” that found its way first to the *Temps* and then to the *Figaro*, and also by the nominal fine imposed upon M. Rodays for as gross a Contempt of Court as could be imagined. “Père Dulac has made a bitter fight,” writes my well-informed correspondent at the end of the letter from which I quote, “but the *Figaro* has spiked his guns.” It may be necessary to add that Père Dulac, anti-Semite and Jesuit, has been one of the most skilled and persistent intriguers against revision.

Gohier's “Army against the Nation” was to all intents and purposes suppressed throughout France. A friend with whom I was travelling from Cannes to Paris fifteen months ago lent me a copy of this work. It was called “Biribi,” but, the covers being torn off, I was unable to see the name of author or publisher. The writer had a terrible tale to tell of the inhuman treatment meted out to the rank-and-file of the Army in Tunis and Algiers, of the tortures that followed the smallest offences, and of the suicide by which so many men evaded the wrath of their brutal superiors. The writing maintained a high level of dignity and restraint, facts and figures were freely supplied, and the work was a terrible indictment against the methods of discipline prevalent out there. When I reached Paris I tried to procure a copy of “Biribi,” and one of another work by the same author, but without success.

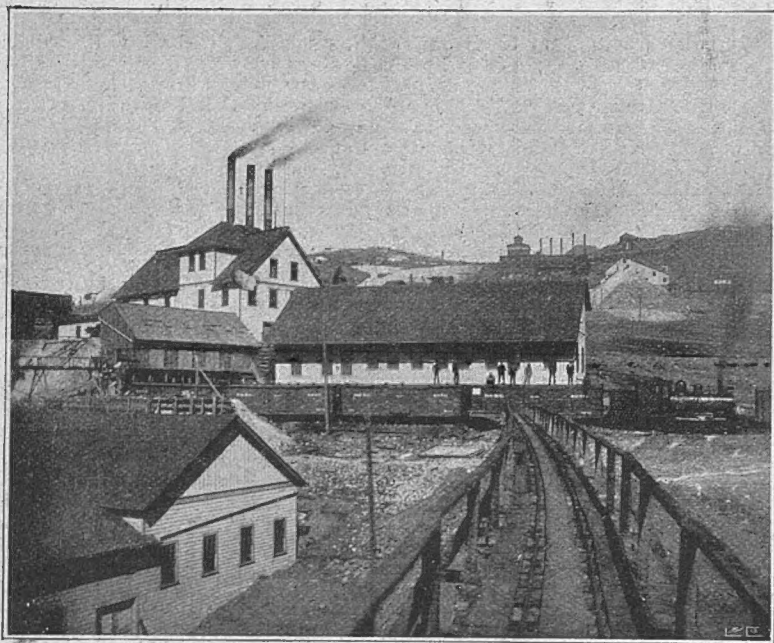
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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 25.

Again we have to record a rather dull week on the Stock Exchange, although at times almost all the various markets have had their active moments. Samoan difficulties were not appreciated in America, and the



THE INDEPENDENCE MINE, CRIPPLE CREEK.

Photo by Harlan, Colombo.

Franco-Belgian issue of the Pekin-Hankow line did not comfort the holders of the last Chinese Railway loan.

In the City the Budget is generally approved of, and the provision reducing the Sinking Fund from £7,000,000 a-year to £5,000,000 is considered reasonable. It is clearly absurd to go on redeeming Consols by purchases in the market at 111, when in a few years we shall be able to pay them off at par, and many people wonder why some bold Chancellor of the Exchequer does not propose to invest in first-class securities the money now annually spent in buying Consols at a large premium, and to retain such investments until Goschens are redeemable at par or Local Loans stock could be treated in the same way. To the ordinary mortal it seems most wasteful finance to pay one's debts at 111 this year, when in 1923 they can be paid at 100. The interest derived from the investments which could be purchased, should more than pay the quarterly dividends of the unredeemed Consols.

The report of Crisp and Co. came upon the shareholders as an unpleasant surprise, and we are quite at a loss to understand how, as late as December last, the directors could have so miscalculated the position as to induce the shareholders to take up the issue of new shares at 10s. premium. The promotion was one of the André Mendel group, among which was also Louise and Co., whose year's trading is equally unsatisfactory. Every business must have its ups and downs, but it is hardly to be wondered at that the holders of the other Mendel securities are somewhat nervous, and that drapery shares, as a whole, are not over-strong.

YANKEE RAILS.

The American Railroad Market is having a rest. There is no particular interest, for either "bulls" or "bears," to cause any feeling of optimism or pessimism at the moment. There is not even an election coming off. After its feverish burst of over-trading in Industrials and "Combines," Wall Street appears to have settled down to an almost tranquil frame of mind, and the opportunity is a good one for drawing a comparison between the highest prices touched in 1898 and 1899, with a supplementary list of how things are at the present time—

| | Highest 1898. | Highest 1899. | April 15, 1899. |
|-----------------------|---------------|---------------|-----------------|
| Atchison Preference | 54½ | 69½ | 62½ |
| Central Pacific | 43½ | 55½ | 52½ |
| Erie | 16½ | 16½ | 14½ |
| Louisville | 67½ | 69½ | 67½ |
| Milwaukee | 124½ | 136½ | 130½ |
| North Pacific Company | 45½ | 56½ | 54½ |
| Union | 45½ | 51½ | 48½ |

It is remarkable to notice that in five cases of the seven we have casually selected, a considerable appreciation is shown to-day above the top quotations of 1898, and this in spite of the fact that there has been a sharp relapse from the best prices touched this year. What are the dominating factors of the market to-day? Where is one to look for a clue as to what is likely to be the course of the market in the next month or two?

The root of all evil may fairly be considered as the underlying motive-power of the Yankee Market for the present. Money, or the want of it, was said to be the cause of that first cousin to a panic which broke out on the New York Stock Exchange a week or so ago; and on the day before the Associated Banks make their weekly statement, Wall Street seems to get into a state of nervous anxiety compared with which Capel Court's tremors over the Bank Rate are as mere teething to the measles. As there seems to be some prospect of money remaining fairly "difficult," it is not at all unlikely that the American Market may be in for a dull five or six weeks' run. Speculation on this side has very nearly died out again, and the proposal of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach to tax all kinds of bonds was met with a deal of disgust by the punters in cheap Americans, although, in reality, the impost will scarcely be noticeable at all. There seems so little for the "bulls" to go for that we cannot recommend a purchase of the speculative Yankees until the way is clearer for a rise.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

Cripple Creek began life as a mining camp much about the same time as Western Australia, and no doubt many people now wish they had sunk their money in the American tellurides instead of the West Australian wild-cats. Compared with Western Australia, Cripple Creek can boast of no such long list of failures, and it can point to such mines as the Portland and the Independence as equal to the Lake View or Boulder. As at Hannan's, the ores below the oxidised zone are complex. But tellurides in Colorado are much easier handled than at Hannan's. Cripple Creek is practically all telluride, and yet the local boomsters claim that to-day they are paying dividends at the rate of a pound a minute. The Portland pays £12,000 a month to its shareholders, the Victor paid during 1898 £70,000, the Elkton £54,000, and the Moon Anchor £30,000. Many of the leading mines state that their ore reserves have increased enormously during the year, and the Portland, Gold Coin, and Independence claim that the value of their reserves totals up nearly two millions sterling.

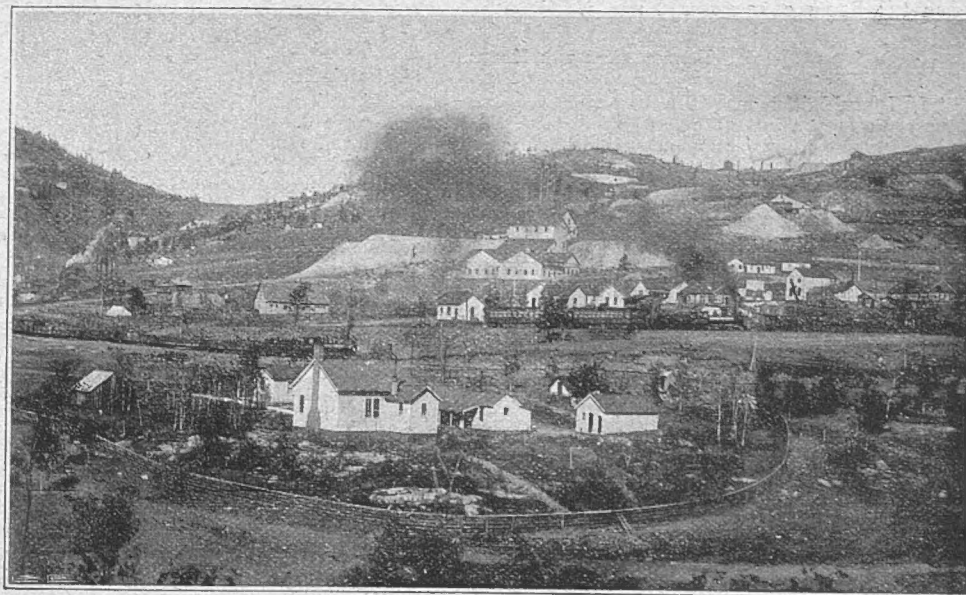
There can be no doubt that Cripple Creek is a prominent gold-field, for the main shaft of the Independence—a privately owned mine, splendidly equipped and carefully opened out—is down 900 feet in payable ore; 70,000 tons are in sight, worth on an average three ounces. (The owner says four!) The Gold Coin main shaft is down 600 feet and in ore; its chute is 1200 feet long, and from 16 to 50 feet wide. The Anchoria Leland is sinking to the 1000-foot level, but its pay ore comes from the 150-foot. The Strong mine has its main shaft down 700 feet, and 8000 feet of drives. It is—for a telluride camp—a low-grade proposition, but its average value is about 45-dollar stone. Nearly all the leading mines are superbly equipped and managed with great care. They are run on strictly business lines, and it would open the eyes of the happy-go-lucky Australians to have a look round the plant of a mine like the Portland or the Independence. The Economic Gold Extraction Company is building one of the largest reduction plants in the States, and hopes to be able to treat 600 tons of ore a-day before the end of the year! Cripple Creek is certainly going ahead, and last year's gold-production totalled nearly three millions. It is a camp worth watching; all the mines may not be first-class, but the best are as good as any in the world.

THE SILVER REPUBLIC'S BUDGET.

There is a good deal of very interesting matter to the British reader in the last Consular report from the Argentine Republic, which was published a few days ago. The interest in our own Budget has so occupied men's minds that they have hardly had time or inclination to glance at the report and statistics of the South American State whose fortunes in the past have been so peculiarly unfortunate for the investor over here. Strange as it would appear, the decline in the gold premium,

Strong Mine.

Portland Mine.



Independence Mine.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

Photo by Harlan, Colombo.

according to Mr. Acting-Consul Laing, is by no means an unmixed blessing, "the too rapid increase in the value of the paper dollar," he says, having been "attended with results that go far to nullify the benefits that might have accrued had the gold premium remained in a more stable condition." This irritating question of exchange is one of the greatest thorns in the side of the country's prosperity. It will be remembered that President Roca, before his election, stated that he would endeavour to restrict the fresh issue of paper money to the renewals that might be strictly necessary, and, if only this scheme can be carried out, some progress towards a stable exchange will have been begun, at all events. The gold premium in 1898 averaged 158, in 1897 it was 191, while in 1894 the average was as high as 257. To-day it stands about 128, or 30 per cent. below the average of last year. Such violent fluctuations, naturally, tend to dislocate trade, and the farmers are bitterly complaining of the fall in the premium, since their labourers are paid in paper, while for their own produce they receive a large percentage of gold. Harvests, however, were good all round, and the prospects of 1898-9 are described as "magnificent." Every well-wisher to the country, and every Argentine bondholder, is earnestly awaiting the long-desired day of the fixed exchange, and, when it comes, the next Argentine "boom" will be there too.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

"Alas! where has the business all gone to?" One hears the same sigh from the lips of every member of the Stock Exchange whose path lies among South African shares, no longer strewn with the golden roses of a couple of months back, but by no means lacking in the thorns of dismal stagnation and lowering prices. After the still unexplained boomlet of February last, such days as the Kaffir Market is now experiencing come with a painful reaction, especially to those "bulls" who bought on the top of the rise, and whose wistful glances towards the "big houses" to help them out are met with cold discouragement. The "Old Man of the Market" still retains his icy grip over the mining industry, for whose misery even Mr. *Punch* takes up his cartoon cudgels.

"It is considered," says a South African cable, "that the negotiations will result in a satisfactory development shortly, and will, therefore, enable President Kruger to submit a number of reform proposals to the Raad next month." What a hollow mockery it all is, and what a pity that just a little novelty cannot be introduced into the phraseology which three years' reiteration has taught us all by heart!

But while the political situation is still "decidedly interesting," as the British Agent at Pretoria put it the other day, and prices are decidedly flat, it may be worth while to inquire whether the shrewd buyer cannot pick up shares here and there which the inevitable swing of the pendulum is sure to bring into prominence again before long. So far as politics are concerned, we are really just "as we were" before the boomlet of the latter part of January, and if the movement was justified then, another is equally defensible now, although, of course, prices are higher in most cases than they were at the end of last year. They are by no means at their best, however, and it is quite likely that the top prices of this year will be quickly surpassed when the next upward movement is engineered. The East Rand group has been especially depressed, and the price of East Rands, which was 8½ only a few weeks back, has fallen over a pound. Angelos, too, which received a dividend of ten shillings per share in 1898, have dropped from 8½ to about 7½. Randfonteins soared up to 3½, and are down to 3½. New Primrose, paying the investor a trifle over 10 per cent. upon the basis of last year's dividend, can be picked up at 5. Heriots and Jumpers are both considerably below their best. The market may go lower, but one cannot expect to get in at bed-rock. It is so often at the very time when no one sees any earthly chance of Kaffirs going better that the opportunity is presented which the investor tears his hair at missing when the boom comes round again.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"If I couldn't turn out a better Budget than that thing," disgustedly exclaimed a jobber in the Foreign Market last Friday morning, "I'd—I'd turn broker!" The other Foreigners sympathised, and showed their indignation by knocking down the prices of Cedulas, since the new stamp-duty will naturally fall with more weight upon the low-priced bonds than upon any others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is regarded with mixed feelings of pity and contempt for having dared to reintroduce a tax which used to worry the Foreign Market out of its life before it was repealed in favour of shilling instead of sixpenny stamps on contracts. But the new charge is, of course, not so bad as the old, since bonds will require to be stamped only once in their lifetime, instead of every year, as used to be the case, and the Foreign Market really need not have been so upset about it.

Consols drooped wearily upon the announcement that the Sinking Fund is to be suspended as regards two millions sterling; but here again such an amount makes very little real difference to the market. A precedent, however, has been created, and it is likely that there will be "Suspension fears" in the Consol Market whenever the Budget time draws near. Of the prudence of the Government's policy I leave it to wise men to speak; it is enough to say that in the House opinion is pretty evenly divided on the whole, and on last Friday it was quite easy to tell what newspaper a man read by listening to the arguments which he advanced for or against the proposition. It cannot be said that the Budget is a popular one, from a Stock Exchange point of view, because of the vexatious bond stamp and the pitifulness of the means which are to be adopted to check shady promotions. The Tobacco Market rejoiced, though, and Salmons were loudly inquired for, upon the strength of no extra duty having been placed on the company's productions. The directors are sending out samples of their tobaccos to members of the House, as advertisements, and it is distinctly interesting to mark the fluctuations in the price of the shares after one of these issues. The market is talking it up to 3, which figure, by the way, Liptons very nearly succeeded in reaching the

other day. The persistent way in which Liptons have risen from 30s. is a striking testimonial to the confiding faith of the company's customers, who are buying up all the shares that come into the market. I think the price is absurdly high, but the 4 per cent. Debenture stock appears to be a good investment. It is redeemable in twenty-one years at 115, and, at the present price of 110, the yield is about 3½ per cent. With regard to the cycle "boom," the excitement has all been worked up by professionals, and, although the trade is slowly recovering from its attack of over-production, it is not safe to buy just any share that may be "tipped." Singer's shares, as a speculative proposition, will probably be in the front of any rise that may come, and, for a gamble, Tubes, Limited, are worth buying.

It is such a treat to catch one's Editor tripping, and when I read in *The Sketch* last week the apology to Mr. Dudley Hardy which my own Editor had inserted, it was with intense delight that I saw he referred to a book called "The Descent of the Stock Exchange." Considering that he was apologising for one of my own mistakes—made in a previous letter—it seems a trifle hard to laugh at him for having mistaken the facetious title of the coming "History of the Stock Exchange" for its real name. By-the-bye, I suppose it really *was* a mistake, and not intended sarcastic! What on earth the compilers of the book will think, I should not like to even guess, but their fury will probably be modified by the fact that half the *édition de luxe* (ten guineas per copy) is already sold, and that orders are daily reaching them for the cheaper style. It needs only to be taken up enthusiastically by a member of the House for the whole thing to be subscribed two or three times over, because it is pretty certain that at least two-thirds of our 4227 members will want a copy of such a unique work, and then there is the outside public to be supplied.

The Rhodesian crushing for last December was 6258 ounces; for March it was 6614 ounces, an increase of 356 ounces in a quarter. It is nothing very much to boast about; certainly it does not of itself justify the Rhodesian "boom," but the move is in the right direction, and this steady sort of development will be much better for the colony than any sensational results attained by the methods in vogue during the infancy of the Rand. Dividends of one shilling each have been declared by the Geelong and Bonsor Companies; but, seeing that Geelongs stand at nearly 4½ and Bensors at 2½, the maiden distributions can hardly be called startling. I am told that several other of the Rhodesian Companies will shortly follow suit to these shilling dividends, and of the group of active shares, Dunravens look cheapest at about 32s. Despite their price, Matabele Reefs will soon be considerably higher, if all that I hear of them is true, and people who can afford to lock them up for a couple of years stand a good chance of seeing their money doubled.

West Australians are waking up to a sense of their responsibility as a market, and the advance in Lake Views and Ivanhoes is said to be "on merits." The former company has now declared 10s. per share in dividends this year, and if it pays a further 15s., the buyer at 16s. would get about 8 per cent. upon his money. The company is capitalised to-day at four millions sterling, and to pay the 25s. dividend which the market is talking about will take £318,500. It is, as a dealer said to me to-day, "rather a tall order, even for Lake Views." By the way, there is a low-priced thing called Waldon's Find which is said to possess great possibilities. The price is 4s. to 5s., the shares are of the nominal value of 10s. each, and there is a 300 per cent. dividend talked about!

The Post Office Savings Bank get some queer letters occasionally, many of their depositors being imbued with rather eccentric ideas upon the question of finance and its methods. A countryman, whose application for a withdrawal order had been returned to him in consequence of some irregularity, wrote again last Thursday to the Department. What he meant to say was that the Postmaster knew his application was all right. What he *did* put was, "The Postmaster's nose, it is all right!"

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, April 15, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WESTMINSTER.—We must decline to give any opinion or advice with respect to No. 1, for reasons which we have several times stated in our "City Notes" and in these columns. As to No. 2, there is no reason why you should not hold for the present, but No. 3 appears to us a most undesirable investment.

POST-OFFICE.—You will never get your money back. It will be cheaper in the end for you to look upon it as a bad debt. To expect to recover money from one of H. J. Lawson's companies is like trying to get butter out of a dog's mouth.

J. B. D.—The shares are not to our liking, but we doubt if you can get out by sale. The concern will have an uphill battle to fight before it gets itself established.

CORO.—Why you sent us six stamps we really do not know. They will come in very usefully, no doubt, and we thank you. The shares are a speculation, and not a bad one at present price.

CIMIEZ.—The Railway stock is a good investment, and if it were our own we should hold. It is unduly depreciated by reason of the *Stella* accident. The debentures and shares in your list are good enough, and, taken together, will probably continue to return their present dividends. Salt's Brewery Debentures are good and safe, but the market is somewhat limited.

HOY HEAD.—The shares are a speculative investment. The company caters for the craze of the moment, and when you can get a profit we advise you to take it.

ALPHA.—We have always refused to advise as to these shares, for reasons which have over and over again been stated in these columns.

JEWEL.—The shares are a good speculative purchase. Last week's "Notes," if you had read them, would have saved you from asking our opinion.

W. F. G. C.—We shall write to you by the next mail.

NOTE.—By an error, in answer to "D. P. F." and "Devonian," the words "Great Central" appeared instead of "Grand Central." We apologise to our correspondents for omitting to correct the mistake when passing the proofs.

We are asked to state that the directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, for the eight months' trading from the date of the incorporation of the company to Jan. 31, 1899, after making ample provision for all depreciations, the payment of directors' fees, allowances for income tax, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference share capital from Sept. 30, 1898, to Jan. 31, 1899, have declared a dividend of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares, and that a sum of £8407 has been carried to reserve fund.